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L'ACADIE;

OR,

SEVEN YEARS' EXPLORATIONS

IN

BRITISH AMERICA.

BY

SIR JAMES E. ALEXANDER, K.LS., & K. St. J.,

ON THE STAFF OF H.E. THE COMMANDER OF THE FORCES IN CANADA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1849.

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LONDON:
Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.

TO

SIR CHARLES FORBES,

OF NEW AND EDINGLASSIE,

BARONET,

&c. &c. &c.

THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED,

IN TESTIMONY OF THE ESTEEM

AND THE GRATITUDE OF

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

L'ACADIE of the French, in North America, was understood to comprehend Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and part of Canada; it has been adopted as the title of this Work, as in the American "Acadia" were made the surveys and explorations, in which the author assisted, for the proposed Great Military Road to connect the British North American provinces.

The present record of experiences, during seven years' service, will, it is to be hoped, be found to contain information which may tend to the advancement of Her Majesty's service in the Colonies, describe new fields for systematic colonization, and also furnish subjects of varied interest for the general reader.

Having contributed one or two articles on military matters to the United Service Maga-

zine, the Author has incorporated them with the present narrative, which he compiled during the leisure of a long Canadian winter, and which was terminated by some very remarkable occurrences.

SOREL, CANADA,
MARCH, 1849.

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L'ACADIE.

CHAPTER I.

Sail for America in a Transport—Life on board—Icebergs—Fish on the banks—A narrow escape—Danger of intoxication at sea—A ship badly found—A magnificent Aurora Borealis—Enter the great river, St. Lawrence—Nearly run on the rocks—Pass Quebec and Montreal—Steam up the Ottawa—Reach Kingstown by the Rideau Canal—The first session of the United Canadas.

TOWARDS the end of April, 1841, the transport 'Albion,' Captain Smith, sailed from the Cove of Cork, carrying detachments of H.M.'s 14th, 23rd, and 68th Regiments, destined for Canada. Major Holmes, 23rd, was the

senior officer, Captain G. Douglas, 14th, second in command, and there were fourteen other officers, three ladies, and some children on board.

We were very closely stowed at meals, and had hardly space to lift the hand to the mouth. At night my place of repose was a berth in the steward's store-room, above hams, cheese, firkins of butter, and 'grey-beards' of rum; so that if I had had a mind for a private nocturnal debauch, I might have merely extended my hand, helped myself, and no one the wiser.

For the greater portion of the passage across the Atlantic, we had strong easterly breezes, and rolling seas. When the water was at all smooth, a little Irish fiddler, John Buckley, whom I had persuaded to accompany me on the promise of good treatment and his passage paid, brought up his instrument, and with the addition of a tambourine and triangle, formed a band sufficiently good for dancing. A case of mine contained foils, single-sticks, and boxing-gloves; these, with the games of 'sling the monkey, shuffle-board, &c., assisted digestion, and dispelled *ennui* among officers and men.

In 45° N. latitude, and 47° W. longitude, we got into the region of icebergs. The first of these magnificent objects appeared on our starboard-bow, like a large church with a steeple at one end; a pure white haze rested on it. As the ship neared it, its appearance changed into a cone, then into a steep, blueish hill, with the sea breaking over it to the height of about eighty feet. The iceberg chilled us as we passed, and it stood away slowly and majestically to the south, to be there dissolved in the tepid waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

We spoke an American vessel, the 'Ocean,' of Baltimore, and on asking if there were any news of the missing 'President' steam-ship, the Captain thought we alluded to the President of the United States, and told us that President Harrison was dead. On the 12th of May we had a storm, and were rolling heavily under close-reefed topsails. After this, the weather moderated, and enabled us to fish for cod on the banks of Newfoundland, in forty fathoms of water. Major Holmes was the most persevering and successful fisherman, having hooked, among other prizes, a cod eighty-two pounds weight; after this he felt a still greater

weight at his line, and thinking that his hook had got fixed in the bottom of the ship, he slackened the line, then pulled to the surface an immense fish, a halibut, which was brought on board by a rope, dexterously thrown round its tail by Lieutenant Ouvrey, 68th; the fish was weighed in junks, and found to be one hundred and fifty-six pounds. This is beginning very well with a "fish story," but it is a fact notwithstanding.

On entering the Gulf of St. Lawrence, on the 13th of May, we had a narrow escape, at night, from destruction. Some of the officers who had not "turned in," were amusing themselves with cards below. I was walking the deck, at half-past 11 P.M., for half an hour, with the Mate of the watch, as was my custom before going to sleep; it began to feel chilly, and the soldiers on watch were stamping their feet in the waist, and disturbing the sleepers below. I sent them down the main-hatch ladder, to remain at the bottom of it in case of being required to trim sails. A clear view was thus accidentally got forward. I said to the Mate, "We must be near ice by the feel of the air." He replied, "No; we are long

past it." However, he suddenly sprang forward. I looked after him, and saw in the sea, across the bows, a line of fire, as it were, or breakers right a-head. Those on the look-out "had made no sign;" the Mate called out "Port!" the helmsman made no answer, I ran to him, he was nodding over the wheel; I shouted in his ear, "Hard a-port!" presently an immense iceberg was seen close aboard of us. The ship was edged off just in time; the Captain came out in his shirt, hearing a rush on deck, and the card-players also appeared. We were in the lee of the berg, the Captain looked up and cried, "We're all aback!" However, the head sails filled gradually, the sea hissed and roared on the side of the iceberg, to which for some time we seemed to hang; at last it slowly passed astern, like a mountain of ground-glass on the dark sea. We breathed freely again, and were all, I believe, very thankful for our merciful deliverance.

Captain Smith was a good, honest man, and a careful navigator, as far as his means would allow; but one of his Mates was a drunkard, and in that case, of course, there is a great risk and anxiety. From long experience of the

sea, I am convinced that half the wrecks arise from this cause—drunkenness; and I think that a passenger should not hesitate to report at once to the owners, if he remark any symptom of it among the officers of the ship he has sailed in. A naval Captain I knew, always regretted not having brought to trial a young officer he had found half drunk and asleep on his watch. The young man embarked afterwards in another ship of war, which was lost, with all on board, in a distant sea; the image of this ill-fated vessel, taken aback perhaps in a squall, with the drunkard in charge of the deck, used to haunt the too lenient Commander to the day of his death.

There is often great recklessness in running through ice on the Atlantic voyage. I asked one Captain if he shortened sail at night when he knew he was near ice, "'No,' said he, "for if I did, other ships might make a shorter run than I did. I have had some escapes, too," continued he; "it came on to blow hard at ten o'clock one night, we were close-reefed till five in the morning, and when I came on deck to look out, I saw we had passed through eleven icebergs, which were all in the ship's wake!"

The 'Albion' was badly found in boats, only one could float, and that only held half-a-dozen. There was neither sextant, barometer, nor life-buoy on board; for which deficiencies and others, the owners were much to blame. The end was, that she was wrecked in the British Channel, and all perished, save a cabin-boy. Great improvements have been made of late in the Transport system, and there is discipline and security in troop and freight ships, though there is sometimes a lack of accommodation.

On the night of the 21st of May we had a most magnificent Aurora Borealis in the Gulf of St. Lawrence; one of those grand displays of the God of Nature, by which the inhabitants of the frozen regions are probably compensated, in part, for the absence of terrestrial beauties, during their long and dreary winter. On the present occasion the ship and sea were in shadow; the crimson horizon, reflected in the water, passed off above into a rich blue, on the surface of which, high up in the heavens, and ascending and descending, waving and scintillating, were deep fringes or curtains of silver; and it was delightful to walk

on the deck by the light of the Aurora, and to watch its restless gleaming, when all was tranquil around us.

We had a very good run through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and when we got within the mouth of the great river, a large whale came along side to look at us, and sea-birds floated past us, sitting contentedly in rows on logs of wood. On the 23rd of May, the Pilot, a French Canadian, came on board, and brought bad luck with him, for we were becalmed off Mount Camille for three or four days.

I commanded the Parade on the Queen's birth-day, when we fired three rounds, and gave three British cheers, to the astonishment of a shipfull of emigrants near us. This vessel had suffered in a gale, having lost its fore and mizen top-gallant masts; this was nothing to what had just befallen another emigrant ship, as the Pilot reported: it had struck and capsized near where we were, and only one boat-load of people was saved,—two hundred souls having miserably perished.

A few of us persuaded the Captain to lower the only boat that would float, and we landed at a small house of entertainment on the north

shore, kept by a Mrs. Cookson. Here we ran about, delighted, after one month's voyage, with the land, the woods, and the opening spring. We got some milk and dandelions, the salad of the country, but which last our friends on board declined to touch.

On the 26th we "missed stays," in tacking off the west point of the island of Orleans. One of the passengers, pale with alarm, ran to the ladies, and said, "There's no danger, but we'll be on the rocks in two minutes!" And sure enough the stern of the 'Albion' nearly scraped them; however, an anchor suddenly let go, saved us.

We "brought up," soon after, under the walls of the old city of Quebec, at which we were not allowed to land. A large steamer, the 'Queen,' soon came alongside, and we were hurried on board her, nothing loathe to exchange her roomy accommodation for our crowded ship. We steamed up the river, and, going on shore at Sorel, two or three of us were left behind, whilst admiring too long the beauties of nature; but by desperate rowing in a small boat, and the 'Queen' waiting for us, we rejoined our comrades.

At Montreal there was a great scramble in separating the military baggage from that of some emigrants, and sundry cloaks and boxes of the officers were no more seen. We were pushed on again in barges to Lachine, by direction of Colonel the Hon. C. Gore, Deputy Quarter-Master General, where we had a day's breathing, and took the opportunity to visit Coghnawaga, the Indian settlement opposite. It was Sunday afternoon, and "the brown-skins" were dressed in their best, their round hats gay with ribbons, and their blue or blanket tunics and moccasins worked with beads, dyed porcupine quills, &c. These Indians had on the late insurrection gallantly turned out, and fought the American patriots, or "Sympathisers," who tried to surprize them in church, and they took many of them prisoners.

We proceeded up the Ottawa, that splendid tributary of the St. Lawrence, and whose fertile banks afford the brightest prospect for the settler. We stemmed the St. Anne's rapids, celebrated in song; passed the Lake of the Two Mountains, where a constituency of five hundred at a recent election was found to

contain only two who could read and write, viz: the Priest and the Notary; passed through the lock at Carillon, and reached Granville by coaches, over a frightfully bad road. We had no better accommodation than the floor, at Granville; but that is a trifle in soldiering, if the boards are tolerably clean.

Next day we continued our progress up the Ottawa to Bytown, and at night passed close to the white curtain of the Rideau Fall. We tarried next day at Bytown, on its height commanding pleasant views of the Ottawa, the Rideau River, and the Chaudiere Falls, tumbling into their yeasty abyss. I made my men wash their bodies in the evening, and refresh themselves, the weather being warm, and when sending them some supplies from a baker's shop, a smart young Sergeant, Campbell by name, who had mounted the baker's cart, was tilted off, had his leg broken, and never got over the accident, poor man.

In the beginning of June, we embarked in the small steamer, 'Otter,' towing barges containing the men of the detachment of the 14th Regiment, and began the navigation of the Rideau Canal, which connects—by a series of

locks and dams, of most expensive workmanship (and which cost upwards of a million) — the waters of the Ottawa with those of Lake Ontario, and thus avoiding the United States frontier.

We found the Rideau a hot ditch at this season, and beginning to be infested with musquetoes; there was no casing to the hot funnel of the steamer, which also added to our discomfort. It was painful to witness the hundreds of acres, which had unavoidably been drowned by reason of the dams, and to see the dead trees of the forest standing, with their grey trunks and leafless boughs, like ghosts in the water. Sometimes we navigated lakes, and in the evening had an opportunity of fishing for bass, or paddling in a canoe; "a trick" I first acquired among the Burmans of the Irrawaddy.

On the 7th of June we reached Kingston, on Lake Ontario, consisting of straight streets of stone, brick and wooden houses, with a long wooden bridge on stone piers, over the Cataraqui River; at a short distance from which, on an eminence, is Fort Henry, commanding the dock-yard below, and the town beyond it. The 24th Regiment occupied the barracks in

town; but were soon relieved by our head-quarter companies from the West Indies. I was marched up with two companies to occupy Fort Henry.

About this time the first parliament of United Canada was opened at Kingston; on which occasion, so important in the history of this great colony, I was present. Lord Sydenham, tall, thin, and gentlemanlike, arrayed in the blue and silver dress of a civil Governor-General; seated on a chair of State, and wearing a plumed cocked hat, read an excellent speech, some of the topics of which were, that the British Government had granted a million and a half sterling for public improvements in Canada, and that great attention would now be given to education, to roads and bridges, the post office; and that the detention of MacLeod by the Americans, on a false charge of murder of American citizens, when the steamer 'Caroline' was cut out and fired, would be no longer tolerated by the British Government.

It will be recollected that the 'Caroline' had been employed by the rebels and sympathisers who had taken post at Navy Island, close to the Falls of Niagara, to convey supplies to them;

and that Captain Drew, R.N., acting under the directions of Colonel Macnab (now Sir Allan), had gallantly cut out the steamer from Schlosser, and setting it on fire, had sent it adrift over the great cataract.

CHAPTER II.

Colonel Everard—Author's post at Point Frederick—Practice of athletic exercises—Lord Sydenham—Dinner at Government House—The old trapper—A dangerous squall on the Lake of the Thousand Islands—A Regatta—Races—General Clitherow—Aquatic sports—Indian modes of discovering the drowned—Athletic games.

COLONEL EVERARD, C.B., K.H., commanding the 14th Regiment, an officer distinguished by his gallantry in South America, in the Peninsula, and in India, gave me the Light Company of the regiment, and after a month of Fort Henry, I marched down and took charge, with my company, of the stockaded block-house at Point Frederick, which projects into the clear waters of Lake Ontario.

I was in charge of this post about a year,

and spent a very agreeable time there. The Paymaster, Captain Wood, occupied with his family one of the quarters at the Point, and I occupied the other with my family.

Besides the usual drills, and after a school had been established for the men and the children of the company, an object of primary importance, I was anxious to practise the former in all manly exercises: I considered it my duty to do so, and besides, it was a great pleasure. I got a boat for them to practise rowing, and to teach them to swim; this last was done by means of a pole, rigged horizontally from the stern of the boat, a rope ran through a ring at the far end of the pole, a girth at one end of the rope went round the learner's chest, and the other end was held by a man in the boat, who instructed the swimmer, whilst a rower pulled gently to and fro. The boat also enabled the men to amuse themselves with fishing, and to improve their mess. In the small field at the Point we had cricket and quoits, a pole with a swivel at the top, and ropes depending from it, to perform what in gymnastics are called "the giant's steps." We had also leaping bars, and at a gable a fives

court, with wings, was constructed by means of a wall of boards, which cost only a couple of pounds, whilst the men paved the court with flags from the neighbouring Cataragin River. Summer and winter this cheap fives' court (a similar one might be put up anywhere) afforded the men health and exercise.

If no trouble is taken with soldiers to find them (after their drills and when off duty) the means of innocent recreation, and what will at the same time develop their physical powers, they will lounge about idly, or will probably consume their precious hours in smoking and drinking to kill the time. Soldiers should be "strong for fighting," active and cheerful; these *desiderata* cannot be effected by more "pipe-clay," by brass polishing, and producing shining pouches. Of course a soldier should be smart and clean, and should turn out perfect according to regulation; at the same time, flank companies especially, (as well as battalion companies), should be able and willing to run, jump, climb, and swim; in short, they should at all times be in good wind, and have the free use of their limbs, and the officers should encourage the men in all this—not force them to

engage in gymnastics, but put the means for practice within their reach. Thus good service for Her Majesty may be expected to be the result.

With a light four-wheeled chaise and a good horse for land excursions, and a skiff for the Lake, we had the means of locomotion and taking our pleasure of an afternoon, either by driving through the woods, or rowing or paddling among the islands.

The seat of the Government of United Canada was at this time at Kingston. Lord Sydenham lived there, at Alwington House, the grounds of which sloped down to the waters of Ontario; it was a charming situation, and cheerful, the Lake and the passing vessels gave life to the scene.

Having an introduction to His Excellency, I dined with him some time after my arrival. He was at this time about forty-two years of age, and had suffered much at various times from gout. There were no ladies at dinner, which, to the surprise of some of the company, was served in the French style, that is, we saw nothing to eat at first, save the desert, interspersed with bouquets of flowers in vases.

Soup, and more substantial fare were, however, soon supplied from the sideboards.

Lord Sydenham was well known to be one of the most zealous public officers who ever appeared in Canada; he was constantly thinking of his duties, and working for the country entrusted to his charge; even at dinner he did not relax, but during the whole time of the meal he was discussing business matters with, and acquiring information from the Honorable Chief Justice Robinson, the enlightened head of the bar of Canada West. His Lordship addressed no conversation to any one else at table, and after dinner, when the guests adjourned to the drawing-room, he sat on a sofa, again apparently engaged in public affairs with an MP.P. from Canada East, and using freely his snuff-box all the while.

Lord Sydenham had clever heads about him; Mr. Murdoch, Chief Secretary; Major Campbell, 7th Hussars, Military Secretary; Mr. Grey, Private Secretary, &c.

At a subsequent interview with his Lordship, he kindly said he would look out, and try and find me some employment, such as I might like, and that he knew where to apply if particular

services offered, such as exploring for new settlements, &c.; at the same time, he said his instructions were to fill up almost all offices with the people of the country, or I suppose with those who intend to make it their home.

About this time, an old trapper, MacConnel by name, came to my post, and resided there some time. I was greatly pleased with the old man; he had much shrewd sense, had lived for eighteen years with a tribe of Indians, and knew their mode of taking game, and of curing diseases. I made several excursions with him; one of these nearly terminated fatally.

I had rowed over to Long Island with Lady Alexander in our skiff; three officers accompanied us, with the trapper and my servant in two other boats; we fished in a sheltered bay, and wandered in the woods, which consisted of oak, maple, elm, beech, and cedar. Beneath the trees we found occasional plants of the mandrake and spikenard, and we gathered raspberries. After our refection, we practised with the rifle. The heat became oppressive, and as the clouds were gathering, I made haste to launch our small vessel, and return home

before the anticipated storm should burst on us; the rest delayed.

Half-way across the head of the Lake of the Thousand Isles had been accomplished with oars and paddle, when suddenly the water as far as we could see, became quite black from the reflection of the thunder-clouds; at a distance we saw schooners heeling over and letting their white sails fly, then a rush and roar of winds and waves were heard, accompanied with vivid lightning and angry peals of thunder; the surface of the lake became white as snow from the driving spray, and large waves, rising in quick succession around us, threatened to engulf us. I told Lady Alexander to throw down the steering-paddle, and to hold on by the gunwales in the stern of the skiff. The rain all the while poured on us in torrents, and the skiff was half full of water though we shipped no seas. My attention was directed to rowing carefully, so as to avoid the crests of the waves coming on board, as we drove down before the blast and edged towards the shore for shelter. At length, we managed to get under the lee of an island, and after some delay we pulled up to Point Frederick again. After we

were safe and were changing our drenched clothes, the old trapper came into the post with my man Gillon, the latter crying bitterly and telling the men that we were drowned in the lake. We certainly had been very near it.

Our nearest neighbours at Point Frederick were Captain Sandom, R.N., the Commodore of the Lakes; Captain Ballingall, commanding the Royal Marines, both distinguished in the service of their country; also other officers connected with the service on the lakes, who lived in the dockyard adjacent. We experienced much hospitality and attention from these gentlemen.

On the 5th of August there was a regatta off the Point, of which the Commodore was patron. There was a stiff gale blowing, and some of the boats of the Royal Navy, in keenly contesting, carried on sail too long, and were upset and dismasted, but no lives were lost. A strange-looking scow from Long Island, with its flat floor, carried everything before it in sailing, also the short and quick strokes of a Long Island row-boat beat everything entered and contending for the prize with the oar.

The next public amusements were the

Kingston races, and a ball, at which last an American millionaire from Boston attended. She was dressed in the style of Taglioni, with deep black flounces when she performs the Cachoucha.

General Clitherow, commanding the troops in Canada West, had occasional brigade days at Kingston; which, as well as encamping, cannot be too much practised by soldiers. The art of war cannot be taught by merely inspecting companies and marching round the drill-field. Neither officers nor men can have their wits about them on service, unless the usual routine, as practised by a single regiment in quarters, is diversified; and the various arms, cavalry, infantry and artillery, are brought together and act conjointly, as in the presence of an enemy.

At Kingston we could get up a very respectable sham fight, having in garrison some of the King's Dragoon Guards, head-quarters, 14th Regiment, part of the 43rd Light Infantry, and Royal and Volunteer Artillery. The General displayed a great deal of laudable zeal in frequently exercising the troops in brigade; but those officers who may be

naturally indolent, say that brigade days make the men unsteady, that is, that they do not then preserve exact dressing, &c. It is presumed that fighting, the object and end of all drilling, has also the same unfortunate effect.

Above and below Kingston there are good fishing-grounds; at the islands called 'the Brothers' and at 'the Spectacles.' It was delightful to row to the wooded islands with two or three boats in company, to set a gill-net across a small bay, and then fish for bass with the line over a shoal. When it was time to dine under the shade of the trees, the gill-net would be drawn, and large pike, &c., would probably be found entangled in it. Potatoes, boiled on the spot, and small pieces of meat spitted on forked sticks, and roasted over the ashes, making what are called at the Cape of Good Hope carbonatjies, would complete our aquatic pic-nic. When it terminated, with tea and a song in the evening, at the hospitable country-house of Major Logie, overlooking the Lake of the Thousand Isles, it was perfect.

One evening, Corporal Issett, of the Light Company, who had been out fishing in the company's boat, reported to me that he had

seen, at dusk, below Cedar Island, a woman standing on a rock up to her knees in water, and holding on by a skiff; he went to her, and saved her, and she was brought to my post. This was a Mrs. Lavery, of Kingston Mills. It appeared that she and her husband, a stout man of thirty years of age and six feet high, had gone on a visit to an uncle of hers on Wolf Island, twelve miles below; before they returned he had taken something to drink, (misfortunes from this source are truly of daily and of hourly occurrence), they hoisted a sail on the skiff, it came on to blow, he got up to lower the sail, lost his balance, and fell out of the boat. He had on a flushing coat and stout boots; unable to swim, he rose to the surface struggling, and called out to his wife 'quick, quick, save me!' She, unused to the paddle, could not help him; he disappeared, and she was driven on the rock where the corporal found her.

I had two parties out dragging all next day about the spot where Lavery was last seen, but without success; on the second day the trapper, MacConnell, went down and watched the pro-

ceedings, and he said 'try the Indian plan, float a chip of cedar down the stream, watch where it turns round, and drag there.' It was done; the chip floated down for some distance; then stopped, and turned round two or three times. One of the men looking over the side of one of the boats cried in some alarm, 'I see him!' The great body, appearing larger than life, in twelve feet of water, lay immediately under the cedar chip. It was speedily dragged to the surface.

The Indians imagine that a particular vapour rising from a drowned body occasions the chip to circle over it, but it is more likely to be occasioned by the body at the bottom of the stream producing an eddy on the surface. Whatever is the cause, the fact is singular.

The field at Point Frederick offering, as was said before, excellent ground for athletic games, in the middle of August we had our first competition there, and which was an United Service one, that is, it was open for the troops and for the navy. A small subscription among the officers furnished the prizes of shirts, socks,

handkerchiefs, &c., also a pint of beer to each competitor.

The games commenced with a boat race round Cedar Island, then followed foot races, and in an enclosed ring there were leaping, wrestling, sparring, throwing shot, single-stick, and ending with a wheel-barrow race blindfolded, which, as well as a jumping race in sacks, afforded great amusement.

The judges were non-commissioned officers, everything was conducted in perfect good humour, and with entire sobriety. Other competitions, which afterwards took place, were varied by Irish jig dancing on a door, by officers tilting at the ring on horseback, a mounted single-stick player attacking a lancer with a muffled lance, and a foot soldier with an imitation musket and bayonet contending with a dragoon. After a little practice, the foot soldier invariably beat off and disabled his antagonist; the parries of the bayonet exercise with two hands being so much stronger than the one-handed sword or lance. Though myself an old dragoon, I was soon obliged to acknowledge this fact in practising with the men

whom I had instructed in the bayonet exercise.

Thus, in occupation, we found 'a file for the serpent.'*

* If the reader is a member of the Peace Society he will do well to pass over the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

On bush fighting—Light infantry drill—A word on dress—Equipment for troops on service—Practice in the bush—Correct loading—Effect of hunting large animals—The rifle and smooth barrel compared—Rules for bush fighting—An Indian in the bush—Gymnastics—The bayonet exercise—How to deal with wild spirits—The pike—Night attacks—Retreat through the bush—The Burman stockades—Mounted riflemen—Cavalry in Canada—Obstacles—Defence of posts—Demeanour of an officer.

In the British army, light infantry drill has been of late years ordered to be practised by all regiments of the line. This is a wise regulation; formerly corps of heavy infantry were expected to move only at a steady, regulated pace, to perform "the eighteen manœuvres," to act like a piece of mere mechanism, so that

when portions of this great machine were, by any accident, detached under fire, they became helpless and worse than useless. Now, by occasionally breaking up the "shoulder to shoulder" order of battle, and teaching the men to advance and retire extended, to act more independently than formerly, it is evident that greater confidence and greater individual intelligence are acquired.

Among those masters of fight, the Romans, besides their heavily-equipped *Hastati*, *Principes*, and *Triarii*, the young and impetuous spearman in the first line, the vigorous and middle-aged in the second line, and the tried veterans of the third, an important arm attached to the legion was the *Velites*, or light-armed soldiers, remarkable for their swiftness and agility; they fought where required, and usually before the lines; the slingers, archers, and javelin men, were amongst the Velites.

For defence, the Velites carried the *parma*, or round buckler, and on their head a leathern *galea*, or casque. This last might be adopted with advantage by modern infantry.

It is evident that the equipment of all troops expected to act as light infantry should give perfect freedom of action, and should also pro-

tect the wearer as much as possible from the effects of intense heat, severe cold, and from the stroke of the sabre. To defend infantry from the effects of "the ounce of lead," without cumbrous armour, is impossible. In hot climates we have experienced the good effects of a light-coloured, moveable cover to a chako, or forage-cap. In hunting, both in wet and cold weather, the comfort and advantage of a tunic, or coat cut as a shooting-jacket, with short skirts, to protect the abdomen, is known to every sportsman; and surely a leathern skull-cap, and some chain-mail for epaulettes, would defend the head and shoulders better (and the mail would be much more comfortable in sleeping in the bivouac) than the defenceless chako, the battalion shoulder-knot, the well-spread wing of the flankers, or the stiff and projecting scale of the officer.

In European armies, when utility supersedes appearance, the soldier will be relieved of much useless leather; one shoulder-belt to support the pouch will suffice, or a pair of suspenders, worn under the jacket, to support the ammunition, (equally disposed round the waist,) will be preferred; the sword-bayonet (with a crossbar

to defend the head and hand from the sabre stroke,) will hang in a frog from a waist-belt, the last to keep, as in the marines, the pouch snug.

Among every three hundred men, fifty will bear hatchets on service, and will know how to use them. If the pouch is continued it will be flat to the haunch, will contain, in the lower tier, twenty-four cartridges, in the upper, in a moveable tin of three partitions, a like number. On going into the field, the trowsers will be strapped down the inner seams and round the ankles with black leather. The ankle boots, "or high low" shoes, will be primed with tallow and rosin melted together. All useless baggage, (the bane of Indian armies,) will be dispensed with. A regimental officer's "kit" will be contained in a couple of knapsacks, which can be conveniently strapped on a poney's back, with the bedding in a tarpaulin bag on the top, (we have found a tarpaulin bag to sleep in an excellent substitute for a tent in wet weather,) also a gridiron, a kettle, and iron pot to prepare "the provent." What more savoury and nourishing than the kabob of the East, the carbonatzie of South Africa, or small squares of meat spitted

on a forked branch, and well "frizzled" over the hot embers of a wood fire "in the bush!" This, with the addition of a tin of tea or coffee, and some biscuit from the haversack, is a feast for a General.

Preparatory to taking the field, it is highly desirable, in many of our Colonies, that the troops should be drilled in the woods, both by companies, and in greater numbers. Without the "loose play" of single-stick, all the cuts and guards, following in succession by word of command, would be useless in mortal strife; so it is with the skirmishing drill in a barrack square, or even in an open field of exercise. Bush fighting will never be thus taught; and in the words of an old and esteemed officer, a forest ranger of distinction in the last American war, Colonel James Fitzgibbon, late 49th, and lately Clerk of the Legislative Council of Canada, "Without much practice in the Bush, the men cannot have such confidence in themselves, or in one another, and must, through ignorance, expose themselves to the enemy's fire."

Before taking one's company into the bush, it is requisite that the men should be able to

riddle a target at one hundred, one hundred and fifty, and two hundred yards distance; both a fixed target, man's size, and a moveable one passed along a rope between the posts. A shilling for every bull's-eye makes a man take pains, and it is worth the outlay of a little money to attain correct firing. Captain Norton's (late 34th) recommendation to shake the powder out of the cartridge into the barrel, and then reversing the ball, ram down the mass of paper on the top of the ball, is a good one. Every one, too, that tries it will find that more accurate firing is made by loading from a powder horn, or blank cartridge, with that quantity of powder which will not occasion an unpleasant recoil, and with a ball (affording little windage) tied in a greased calico patch. A powder horn to contain one hundred charges, and one hundred bullets in their patches, disposed in a long and narrow waist-pouch, with one hundred and twenty caps, will not encumber the soldier, and, if well managed, will serve for a good day's fighting.

A careful officer will carry about with him a few spare caps, ball cartridges, nipple key,

pricker, &c., in case of any of these requisites being required by any of the men on a sudden emergency.

In Canada, in 1814, it was found necessary to intermingle the newly arrived regulars with the Glengarry light infantry, a provincial corps, to show them how to cover themselves, and to teach them, in short, woodcraft.

From some experience in the matter, we think the pursuit of the larger and more dangerous kinds of game, as the lion, rhinoceros, wild boar, &c., assists materially in the practice of bush fighting. When these animals are encountered on foot, when the stealthy pace is requisite, the quick eye, the taking advantage of the cover of tree, bush, rock, or inequality of the ground, cautiously using a rest at the proper moment for firing with effect, and, in short, "bringing into play the superior cunning of the man over the superior strength of the animal,"* altogether prepare one for successfully opposing, in wooded and broken ground, the enemies of our country.

* A favourite expression of my esteemed friend the late Sir William Harris, a first class sportsman, whose early death I deeply lament.

Some old officers think that the rifle is not equal to the musket and bayonet, in or out of the woods; that one fire with a common piece, and a charge under cover of the smoke, will clear every enemy from the front. It is true that the old rifles, which the rifle corps formerly had, seemed difficult to load after a few rounds, the hammering to get down the ball being often prodigious. With the new two-grooved rifle, used by the rifle brigade, this difficulty is materially obviated.

It is advisable to impress soldiers, armed with smooth barrels, with the belief that there is no superiority in the rifle, if they keep moving as they ought to do in the bush. A smooth barrel, such as the new percussion musket, provided with a second sight at the breech, and used in platoon firing, always with the front rank kneeling, leaves little to be desired in the way of an efficient weapon: besides, its use is learned in half the time that the rifle is.

The first rule for bush fighting is, after careful loading, that the soldier should fire *to the right of the tree;* thus the smallest portion of the person is exposed. Next, when the soldier advances, he should not go straight

forward, but should move at an angle towards some tree or other cover, to the right or left of what he has just quitted. The reason for this is obvious; if an advance is made straightforward towards the enemy, the latter has no occasion to alter his aim, whereas obliquing towards him obliges him to take a "flying" or a difficult shot.

In retreating the same mode must be practised; look behind for the next shelter, fire, and concealed by the smoke, oblique to the selected cover. "When a wood is free from coppice, or undergrowth," says our friend, Colonel Fitzgibbon, "an enemy is best discovered by looking for him near the ground, but where there is brushwood he is to be seen higher up."

In advancing through a wood at extended order, great attention must be paid to preserving the line as correctly as possible; if skirmishers advance too far, or carelessly fall back too much, the consequences may be fatal to themselves or to their comrades; also distances between the files should be kept as correctly as possible.

When an Indian, pursued, throws himself into a ravine, he does not cross it at once, but, covering himself with the bank, he fires at his

exposed pursuers, and then concealed by the smoke, moves to the right, left, or rear, as he deems best. When an Indian is driven to the shelter of a bush, and his pursuers are on him, he keeps quiet and closes his eyes that their brightness may not discover him. An Indian attached to each company is of use to teach the men his "tricks of fighting."

For British troops to rival the walking and running feats of Indians (who, lightly equipped, can march in a day five times the distance the heavily accoutered white man accomplishes, and Kafirs, as we know, can accomplish seventy miles in one day), it would be well if much more attention is paid, than there is at present, to gymnastic exercises. A wooden wall could easily be set up, with a couple of wings to it, for the expense of three or four pounds in every barrack square for the soldiers' favourite game of fives; a skittle alley can be laid down for a few shillings; quoits require very small space; the exhilirating games of foot-ball and cricket require at least one hundred yards square; this can be managed at most garrisons; but what is particularly required during summer heats and winter frosts, are empty barrack rooms, or

else halls contrived expressly for the purpose, with bathing rooms attached, where the men could leap, wrestle, spar, play single-stick, and otherwise harden and make supple their frames, and "take the devil out of them" with exercise.

Whatever gives the men a real or fancied superiority over an enemy is useful; thus a simple bayonet exercise, teaching the men to parry, carte and tierce, and to thrust with the musket and bayonet; and recover themselves easily from a short lunge, would produce other valuable results. The peculiar superiority possessed by each individual would be ascertained and well known in his company, and when choice men were wanted for a forlorn hope, or for any other special service, the fittest men could at once be selected: swimmers, for example, where swimmers only could be of service. Men thus grouped together would have the highest confidence in each other, under the influence of which confidence they would be elevated and stimulated to make greater efforts than under other circumstances it would be possible for them to make.

We heard an eminent phrenologist say that an incorrigibly wild boy was placed under his care, after having been expelled from two or three schools. The philosopher remarked that the boy was muscular and fond of action, he set him to saw up firewood in the yard for an hour every morning, which fatigued him well, and he was quiet and manageable for the rest of the day. He also asked the boy to assist in his own reform, and he did so. Some of the finest men in the army are wild, and continually in trouble, because they are not encouraged to expend their muscular energy in athletic sports, in games which would prepare them for the business of a campaign, for moving with rapidity and facility over broken ground and through cover. Such men, well trained, would be choice subjects for storming a breach, or for continuing their efforts after the majority of both armies were tired out, and when there is usually a fine field in which to reap advantage.

The occasional and excessive pedestrian undertakings of some officers, as walking five-and-forty miles in twenty-four hours, equipped as a private soldier, with firelock, knapsack, &c.,

running a mile in five minutes, picking up a hundred stones a yard apart in forty minutes, &c., are sometimes attended with injurious effects, even though a wager may be gained by those who try them. Moderate, active, and daily exercise is what does good to the frame; not a sudden and violent strain on the system. We speak from long experience in training.

A few years ago Colonel Maceroni put forth a singular work on the advantages of the pike, combined with the firelock, for the arming of irregular troops; his proposed pike was twelve feet long, with a joint in the middle, so as to be conveniently slung behind the back, till required to resist cavalry, when it was unslung. A slide, like that of an umbrella, fixed the joint, and gave the partisan the advantage of the full length of the pike, his coverer, at the same time, making use of his fire-arms. As for troops armed in haste, bayonets cannot always be found; the pike then becomes an excellent substitute, and is a weapon easily made. The common boarding pike is, we think, too heavy for the equipment of a woodman; but a lighter pike, say seven feet long, would be of material service. By slinging his rifle, he could walk

well, assisted by his pike, leap over brooks or fallen trees by means of it, or ascend heights, oppose cavalry with it, or make use of it as a rest for the rifle, by means of the strap wherewith he slings it by the middle; and three or four pikes, as we saw practised on service by the Cossacks, with a cloak or blanket disposed round them, afford a good shelter in the bivouac.

Some officers of experience think that the great advantage of night attacks is overlooked; the utility of them was proved by Sir John Harvey and others in the last American war. We remember during a protracted struggle in the bush of Kaffirland, it was proposed that chosen bands, composed of men of tried courage, should creep on the Kaffirs seated round their fires, and should pour on them, unprepared, a destructive volley, and then immediately retire. The enemy thus harrassed, it was supposed, would soon have sued for peace. But this mode of bringing matters to a desired conclusion was thought un-English and cowardly, and was never adopted; though we remember that plundering parties, returning from a foray in the Cape colony, were waylaid at the fords of

the gloomy Fish River and the beautifully wooded and clear running Keiskamma, and dispersed with slaughter by unexpected volleys from Kaffirland.

There is no doubt that a sudden rush of even a few pikemen, broadsword men or bayonetteers, through an enemy's bivouac at night, thrusting at all they met, would produce the greatest confusion, and little injury would result to the assailants, fire in the dark being so very uncertain, and nearly harmless.

A British camp sustained heavy loss on the shores of the Persian Gulf in 1819, by a sudden onslaught, after dark, of Arabs armed with long straight swords and small bucklers.

Cautiously creeping on the enemy, taking advantage of cover, and rushing on him and striking with lead or steel, when he is caught at advantage, are the principles of bush fighting. Three hundred men retreating in the bush before three thousand might do so effectually, thus: a considerable portion of the three hundred being provided with good hatchets (not bill-hooks), throw a breastwork of trees across the entrance to a wood, through which they are about to retire; the enemy receive a check

there; the hatchet men clear a narrow way through the trees; the musketteers retire, followed by the hatchet men, who ever and anon cut down a tree and allow it to fall across the path, thus blocking up the way behind them.

The Burmans, by the dexterous use of cutting tools, as we observed in the late war in Ava, were in the habit of enclosing themselves nightly (in the bush and near the enemy) in good stockades; no nocturnal rush could be made through their encampments. This was also the Roman practice.

With regard to mounted Riflemen, we think they are a most valuable arm on service, especially in North America. They ought, of course, to have none of the showy trappings of the Dragoons, but a serviceable and dark uniform,—say a double-breasted frock. It does not much matter whether they are armed with a fusil, or a rifle, provided the fire-arm they carry can throw a ball well, and at a long range. They ought, undoubtedly, to have a sword-bayonet, in case of being charged by horsemen when they are dismounted. To enable them to act as Dragoons in a charge, a good straight sabre might be strapped to the

saddle. This they leave on the saddle, when they dismount to skirmish on foot. A few carrying rockets might shake a square of Infantry, and a headlong charge, as Dragoons, might complete its discomfiture.

We need not enlarge on the great advantage of carrying a body of good Riflemen, or Musketteers, mounted and fresh to the cover they were required to beat; causing two-thirds of them to scour the bush, leaving one-third outside in charge of the horses, at a safe distance from danger. We did not very much admire the very heavy double-barrelled carbines (smooth barrels) of the Cape Mounted-Riflemen, and unaccompanied with either bayonet or sword. It is true, these Hottentot Tirailleurs make good practice with their weapon, and volleys of double-barrels may be very destructive in a square against cavalry, and also might prevent a skirmisher being rushed upon after discharging his first barrel; but this double-barrelled carbine seemed too short for a long range, felt uncomfortable to the hand; besides, more careful firing is generally obtained from either soldiers, or sportsmen, with one barrel than with two. The success of the Americans

at the Moravian village, was chiefly owing to a dash made by a superior force of their mounted Riflemen, and to the "Ready, present, fire!" system (without aim) of the Infantry of their days.

A very excellent cavalry officer, the Hon. Colonel Cathcart, had a good drill for his regiment in Canada, the 1st Dragoon Guards, and suited for a country enclosed with wooden fences. In front of his column of route he had a fencing party of three men, these went on at a quicker pace than the rest, when they came to a fence which it was desired to pass through, two of the men dismounted, the third held their horses, the two then placed themselves in front of a fence, on the same side of it, at the crossing of the rails, and took it down; if a trenail came in the way, as in a post and rail-fence, they cut it with their swords, but a small hatchet would have been better, so as not to spoil their swords.

A facility of passing through fences gives great power to cavalry in Canada; for as infantry would naturally form behind fences, if cavalry got into the rear of them, the infantry might soon be disposed of.

To work among stumps, "From right of threes to the front file, march!" would be the word, and keeping half a horse's length distance, "front file" restores the order, "files right" or "left" moves them to a flank, and "files about" retires them; this loose order could deal with a broken party of infantry, but for cavalry the compact order would require to be adopted.

Three troops of provincial Dragoons have for some time guarded the Canadian frontier south of Montreal, under the command of Captains Jones, Sweeney, and Ermatinger; they are an admirable cavalry force, the men of good character, perfectly acquainted with their duty, and the horses excellent. These troops have materially assisted to preserve tranquillity on "the Lines," and to check desertion.

It has been proposed to make a charge on foot through the enemy's Voltigeurs in this way; suddenly close infantry skirmishers to the centre, advance at the double, dash through the opposite line of skirmishers, wheel by subdivisions to the right and left, and sweep down and put to the route the enemy's line. It is objected to this mode of attack that if it is suspected, the enemy will pour in a very

destructive fire on the advancing company or column, and perhaps fatally shake it.

An important branch of bush-fighting is the manner of dealing with obstacles; as abbatis of large branches of trees, which may be crept under or hauled to one side, or burnt down; as pallisades, which may be cut down, or surmounted with ladders, or shattered with a bag of powder; as a ditch, which may be filled up with fascines, &c. All this, as a branch of the attack of military posts, entrenchments, &c., has been so ably handled by Colonel Jebb, R.E., in his very excellent and practical treatise on this subject, that it ought, with his "Defence of Outposts," to form a part of every officer's "kit." In fact, no officer on service ought ever to be without these two portable tomes, in addition to his Bible.

A good bush-ranger should have constantly in view the taking advantage of natural entrenchments, as steep banks, ravines, fences, &c., by the assistance of which a small force may be able to contend with one superior in numbers. Artificial entrenchments in wooded countries are easiest made by felling trees; a breastwork or bank of earth, or of stones, must be em-

ployed where there are no trees. It is wonderful how little covers a man from fire, a rifleman will lie down behind a stone a foot high on an exposed slope, and render good service with safety to himself. We were not a little surprised at seeing what was effected by a low and rough stone wall, with three stones laid here and there at top to fire through, dignified with the name of "the Lines" at Oporto, and which kept the Miguelites in check for a whole year.

Voltigeurs will of course, when they can, always take advantage of buildings, particularly if they occupy a commanding position, and can be made defensible by the assistance of abbatis, &c., and have a supply of water. The lower story will be barricaded with what materials may be at hand, and loop-holes contrived in the windows of the upper. Cover for the enemy, if time will permit, ought to be cleared away in front, and above all things a flanking fire ought to be obtained, a porch affords a good one along the front of a building. The church in a village will be of course the citadel, the streets leading to it being blockaded up by

waggons, trees, fences, &c. All this is merely suggestive to the intelligent officer when first going on service.

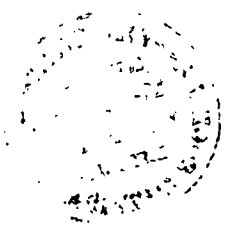
On occupying a temporary post, a careful officer will immediately reconnoitre all round it, and at some distance from it, and he will not trust to other eyes than his own to gain a knowledge of the localities. He will next look particularly to the lodging and messing of his men, and the posting of his sentries, before he thinks of taking any repose for himself; he will be the last asleep at night of the party, and the first stirring in the morning, he will avail himself of every circumstance, however trifling it may appear, to manifest his care of his men, as, for example, keeping them back from every unnecessary exposure of their persons in action, by every means procuring for them provisions, and occasional refreshment from the country people. When in a position where an officer is confident there is no danger during the night, and if his men have all worked hard during the day, desiring them all to go to rest, keeping no guard, &c. The more an officer comports himself in this way towards his men,

the more his desire to do so will increase. Their gratitude in return will abundantly reward him, and mutual good-will be kept up. This good-will is one of the best and highest sources of military ardour and devotion in the public service.

In the bush, a cheerful demeanour, without the least familiarity, is best; being on the move has naturally an exhilarating effect, and if an officer is seen contentedly to partake of the very same fare as his men, they will cheerfully go through much rough work. A rover of the woods and wilds will have much to occupy him besides looking after his men, and looking out for the enemy. In bush-ranging his camping-ground may at one time be among rocks overhanging a clear stream, alive with fish; at another, among majestic trees on the edge of a prairie richly decked with wild flowers; a third bivouac may be on a hill-side, commanding a prospect over boundless forests and lakes frequented only by wild fowl.

Lastly, we heartily concur in the advice of an old woodsman. "On service carry a bible and prayer-book, and read the service and psalms of the day, also thanksgivings after affairs; thus

the men will be more orderly, more brave, and in every respect better soldiers. The influence of the commander will be materially increased over men thus managed, and thus better prepared to die."



CHAPTER IV.

Visit to the Kingston Penitentiary—A female horse-stealer—Evening parties—The eccentric Sheriff—His adventure in a stage-coach—A smell of powder in the air—The sympathizers attempt to blow up two war steamers—Dreadful accident to Lord Sydenham—His last illness and death—The Reverend W. Agar Adamson—Funeral of the late Governor-General—Under-Sheriff Macleod's case—Proposal to liberate him—Author prepares to leave for New York.

ONE of the most interesting establishments to visit at Kingston at this time, was the new Penitentiary. It was in the course of construction, and chiefly by the convicts themselves, who were confined in it. It is situated some distance out of town, on the way to Toronto, and on the north shore of Lake Ontario, and in a field of some size, enclosed

with walls (on the top of which, watchmen armed with fuzils are stationed) rise the buildings of the Penitentiary. The cells of the prisoners are in tiers, in a high and thick wall, as it were, over which is a roof. The walls supporting the roof are at some distance from the mass of masonry containing the cells, so that there is free space all round.

Mr. Smith, the Warden, occupied spacious apartments at the entrance of the Penitentiary, and we were politely conducted over it by one of his family. We saw two of the Generals of the late sympathizers, who thought to revolutionize Canada, sympathizing as they pretended with the *oppressed* colonists! We saw also a Pole, who had assisted during the insurrection, and who had twice tried to escape; he was in irons of course. Though he was lucky to have escaped the fate of his countryman, Van Shultz, who was executed at Kingston for directing the fight at the Prescott windmill!

We remarked the holes through which the keepers can observe the behaviour of the convicts whilst they themselves are invisible, and we saw shoemakers, tailors, and carpenters silently at work, none daring to speak, as the

system here is the silent, but not the solitary one. The dining-hall, where all eat facing one way for supervision sake, was exceedingly clean and well kept, as was the whole establishment. In the female department, the most interesting person was a female horse-stealer. She was a good looking, lusty girl, about seventeen, who had stolen horses for the use of her lover, a sympathizer. Out of doors, where the convict masons were at work, we saw a tower at one of the angles of the enclosure, next the Lake, on which guns could be mounted. A black man was pointed out with heavy chains on his legs, and with a very bad expression of countenance. He had been sentenced to be hanged for ill-using a girl coming from market, but the Sheriff dying the night before the day of the execution, the punishment was transfered from the gallows to the Penitentiary, in which he had tried to kill one of the keepers with an axe, hence the chains.

Some of the civilians of Kingston evinced their hospitality by giving evening parties. The rooms were well lighted up, the suppers were good and abundant; the dances were the usual quadrilles, waltzes, and galoppes; reels, country

dances, and the good old Sir Roger de Coverly, were considered vulgar.

The Sheriff was one of the most singular characters at this time in Kingston. He had been an officer in the 79th Highlanders, and it was said, became eccentric after assisting at the execution of some of the sympathizers. But the poor man was hospitable, and gave dinners to bring the English and French members of Parliament together, to make them acquainted, and, if possible, agreeable to each other.

The Sheriff was a powerful man, and recently, in travelling in a stage coach in Western Canada, he had found himself in company with three passengers, two gentlemen and a lady, from the United States. Imprudently they began to abuse Canada, and to make disagreeable comparisons between it and the States. The Highland blood of the Sheriff could not submit to this, and he said, "It is very improper, and in bad taste, for you to abuse Canada in the way you are doing whilst travelling in the country itself." One of the Americans answered, "You are a fool to speak in that way."

"I may be," cried the Sheriff, "but I have sufficient sense to teach you good manners, and

if you don't beg my pardon immediately, I'll cram this stick down your throat," showing a stout cudgel the other, finding he had made a mistake, did as he was desired. The Sheriff, then turning to the man next him, said, "Now, I think you are just such a fellow as would carry a bowie knife; is it not the case; come, show me?" The other obeyed, and showed a bowie knife in the breast of his coat. "Why do you carry this?" said the Sheriff.

"It was given me," was the answer. "I don't use it."

"But you might do so," said the Sheriff. "I might get into a passion, and use a knife, if I carried one." Some months after this the poor Sheriff went mad, and died in a lunatic asylum.

The sympathizers in the States now began to move again, and there arose "a smell of powder." Whilst we were at a tea party one evening at Captain Ballingall's, R.M., an express came, ordering off his Lieutenant, Lowder, and twenty marines to the upper Lake.

It appears that an attempt had been made to blow up two British war steamers, at anchor opposite Chippewa, in the Niagara River; they

had been fired at from Navy Island, and then two barrels of powder, provided with burning fuzes, and connected with a rope, were floated down the stream, so as to encircle and blow up the vessels; but an explosion took place of one of the barrels before they reached the vessels, and those on board were thus warned of their danger, and quickly towed the infernal machine on shore. An attempt was also now made to destroy a lock of the Welland Canal, by blowing it in with gunpowder. One barrel exploded, and did some mischief, and another, which did not take effect, had a New York brand upon it. The barracks at St. Thomas, (a village near the shores of Lake Erie) were also burnt at this time, supposed to be the work of a sympathizing incendiary. All this was very exasperating, (from our side the Americans were not in the slightest degree molested); and we accordingly held ourselves in readiness for an anticipated repetition of the warlike proceedings of 1837 and 1838.

We come now, in these our chronicles, to a great catastrophe, the manner of the death of the Right Hon. Charles Lord Sydenham, G.C.B. the Governor-General, in the prime of life, and

on the eve of embarking for England, with great eclat for his successful administration of affairs in British North America.

On the evening of the 4th September, 1841, I was driving out my small family on the Waterloo road, and at a short distance from town, we met His Excellency returning from a ride. He was dressed in a blue surtout, white hat and trowsers, and he was laughing and talking with Mrs. Schonswar, who accompanied him. He was followed by Colonel Everard, 14th regiment, and Captain Schonswar, 11st Dragoon Guards, a Dragoon and a Lancer were his orderlies! This was the party; all seemed in health and spirits, and the Governor-General, when he returned my salute, was looking better than I had ever seen him before; but he rode a horse, which though an easy goer, yet was what is termed "a daisy cutter;" that is, it went too near the ground in trotting.

The evening before this his Lordship had been playful, and even boyish, at his own table, so little forewarning had he of his impending fate. We returned from our drive, and in town, the Lancer orderly passed us at a gallop

from Government House, to get immediately medical assistance for the Governor-General.

It appears that after Lord Sydenham had taken leave of the party we saw with him, that he set off at a rapid pace for Alwington House. On going up a slight ascent in the road, where it was newly macadamized, his horse tripped and fell, threw his Lordship out of the saddle, and broke the large bone of his right leg above the ancle. The horse then rose, and dragged his Lordship some distance, which occasioned a deep cut on the knee, which became full of gravel; at length the spring stirrup leather gave way, and his Lordship was left on the road. Two labourers ran to his assistance, and he was carried between them into his house, leaving the mark of a muddy arm on one of their white moleskin coats.

His Lordship said, "I think this will finish me now." Two medical men came to him, Doctors Farnden and Sampson, but the leg was not set till next day. There was no appearance of danger for some days, till the gout again showed itself, then spasms of the broken leg commenced, and so violent were they at night,

that the sufferer heard the grating of the ends of the broken bones against each other. The spasms went all up the thigh, and could not be stilled; then the bowels were affected, the respiratory organs, and finally the throat, and the jaws became rigid!

After a paroxysm of great suffering, one day, his Lordship said with emotion, that his fate was a hard one. On the last day of the first session of United Canada, after he had succeeded in all his designs, and had triumphed over countless difficulties, had broken up parties, and then to be cut off thus, and not to be able to return to England and enjoy his honours. (His Majesty, through the hands of Lord John Russell, had just sent him the decoration of the Civil Grand Cross of the Bath.) He asked if there was any hope, and in the sorrowful look of his friends he read his fate.

The household was now summoned around the bed of His Excellency, and the sacrament administered. All were in tears, which showed that he had been a kind master in his family. His Lordship's will was then prepared. To those about him he left—£1,000 to his

nephew, Mr. Baring, A.D.C., to Major Campbell, military secretary, two horses; to Mr. Dowling, his legal adviser, two horses; to Mr. Murdoch, chief secretary, £500; in order to write the account of his political career, and he enjoined Mr. Grey, a fine young man, his private secretary, to defend his memory, if assailed.

His Lordship suffered intensely, and though he sometimes could not resist uttering a groan, yet he showed great courage throughout his fearful trial. In the midst of one spasm, he said, to one of the physicians, "can't you give me something to hasten the end?" at another time, he said, "you know my constitution, I run down fast, but some have done so, and still have rallied;" and he did run down fast, but never rallied from the first. Two false teeth were removed at one side, when lock-jaw took place; and by means of a quill, soup was administered. The last time his Lordship attempted to take anything was on Saturday, the 18th of September, when a little wine and water was swallowed.

The Rev. W. Agar Adamson, A.B., the very

estimable and eloquent chaplain of the Legislative Council, spent with his Lordship the last night of his mortal existence. He read with him the 51st Psalm; one particularly applicable to most men who have moved in society, and been partakers of its transient enjoyments. His Lordship was deeply impressed with a sense of the situation he was placed in, yet he was resigned, and displayed good courage, comforted, as he doubtless was, by the exhortations of his spiritual guide whilst entering 'the dark valley.' He expired at seven in the morning of the 19th of September, completely worn out, and weighing nothing.

After death, the broken leg was examined, and a crack was found on the bone extending high up. His Lordship's want of stamina prevented amputation being resorted to; he would not have survived it. Similar to Lord Sydenham's case was that of an assistant surgeon, of the 43rd Light Infantry, in Canada, who was also fond of rich living; he too lived fourteen days after breaking his leg, which became convulsed, and so continued without the possibility of stilling it till he died.

The funeral of Lord Sydenham took place on the 24th of September. The day was overcast, and all the shops in town were shut; at eleven o'clock the mournful procession moved from Alwington House; the band of the 14th Regiment playing the dead march, was followed by the undertakers and assistants; on an artillery car drawn by six horses, and covered with black cloth was the body, in a coffin of lead enclosed in walnut, on the black velvet of the latter was a silver plate with his Lordship's titles. Dragoon Guards rode on either side; Mr. Barry, A.D.C., was the chief mourner, and with him walked the Commander of the Forces; and now Administrator of the Government, Sir Richard Downes Jackson, K.C.B.; after his Excellency there followed the late Governor General's Staff and medical attendants; the Judges, General Clitherow commanding the troops in Canada West, officers of the army and navy, the clergy, the bar, members of the Mechanic's Institute, &c. The soldiers, resting on their arms, reversed, formed a street; Colonel Everard, 14th Regiment, commanding the military.

His Lordship's remains rest in a vault, seven

feet deep, before the altar of the Episcopal Church in Kingston; the square enclosure was bricked and cased with wood, then boarded over and covered with stone and sand to the level of the floor of the church, so that if required the body could easily be removed. A very interesting narrative of Lord Sydenham's career has been written by his brother, Mr. Poulett Scrope, M.P.

MacLeod's case, before alluded to, now occupied the public mind in Canada; he was about to be brought to trial at Utica, in the States, for his boast that he had assisted in the burning of the steamer 'Caroline,' when it was alleged some American citizens perished. It was probable he would be found guilty and hanged, which would have been a gross insult to Britain, and would endanger the peace of England and America.

Thinking I might be of some service at this juncture, and being fond of adventure, I volunteered to proceed at once to attend the trial and watch the proceedings at Utica, and if matters seemed to be taking an unfavourable turn, I intended to attempt to carry off

MacLeod with the assistance of my old trapper. The 'American hunters' lodges and eagle lodges' were particularly active about this time. One of the aims of these institutions was to disturb the peace of Canada, and if possible, to wrest it from British dominion. My opinion on this head is, that every British subject in Canada should resist this to the death, and should endeavour by all means to preserve inviolate the transatlantic dominion of Her Majesty. There is not the least desire on the part of the British to interfere with the United States; the meddling of their sympathizers and hunters with the Canadas is surely then without any excuse. British America may for ever form an integral part of the British empire, while firmness and justice guide its rulers. But I avoid politics, with which a soldier has nothing to do; his duty is to serve his Sovereign and his country.

Having hurt one of my ancles with gymnastics and having delayed to lay up, it was now deemed advisable that I should proceed to the coast for the benefit of tepid salt water. Accordingly, I prepared to go to New York with

Lady Alexander, leaving our establishment in charge of very kind friends, Major and Mrs. Barlow.

Before we left Kingston, MacLeod was unexpectedly liberated and returned to Canada.

CHAPTER V.

Embark in the 'Oneida' steamer—A bad habit—Strange phraseology—Sackett's Harbour—Oswego—The Fort—Passage in a canal boat—Conversation with Americans—Syracuse—Story of a trunk—American soldiers—General Scott—Albany—Steam down the Hudson in the 'Troy'—Arrive at New York—The Globe Hotel—Meet old friends—The Mansion House—Employment of time—Amusements—The Champion Caunt—Washington Irving—Political strife—Mr. J. Russell Bartlett—Mr. Albert Gallatin—The Docks—The House of Refuge—The U.S. Ship 'North Carolina'—Mr. Audubon, the Naturalist.

In the end of October we embarked at Kingston in the steamer 'Oneida,' bound for Oswego on Lake Ontario. The morning was stormy, I asked the American Captain when we should cast off, and he answered, "It looks so mighty cruel now, can't go I guess, it may be better at

twelve." The breakfast was good and abundant, but the chewing and spitting after it was abominable; our neighbours, of a certain class, will, I trust, reform this ere long; they cannot complain that they are not advised against practising these unfortunate habits, so utterly subversive of health, cleanliness, and propriety. American gentlemen, who have seen the world, and who move in society, generally now eschew the abuse of "the weed."

We left in the night, and next morning were at Sackett's Harbour, the American Naval Station on Lake Ontario. I walked towards the Barracks with the Rev. Mr. Rogers, a countryman and a fellow-passenger. He asked an American after an Irish acquaintance who had gone to Ohio. "I guess he is a pretty stiff man, Sir," was the answer.

"Yes," said Mr. Rogers, "I thought him rather proud."

"Not that, Sir," was the reply; "he is rich; he bought large when he came among us, and now he is considerable stout."

American phraseology is very expressive,

but it is some time before it is intelligible to an Englishman; thus, who would imagine that to "insense a person" meant to knock sense into him with "a punch on the head."

We re-embarked and passed on to Oswego, where we landed in the afternoon of the second day from Kingston. We went to the Oswego Hotel, and on my asking the landlord if he could give us accomodation, he good-naturedly took hold of me by the shoulder, and "guessed he could fix me off comfortably when a party left by the next steamer." In the meantime, we walked to see Fort Oswego, which was undergoing repair.

I found it to be a pentagon, and well placed to command the entrance of the harbour; strong working parties were actively employed with spades and carts, levelling the glacis on the lake face, and all round, so as to take away all cover from an enemy. The fort itself was well rivetted with scantling and thick planks; there was a covered way, places of arms, and a ravelin opposite the south face; in short, it was in a respectable

state to resist an assault, and the appearance of things indicated that such an occurrence was not deemed improbable before long.

The 'Oneida' steamer, in which we had performed our voyage, had a steady captain, was a clean and a good vessel, had two good boats, a fire-engine, and was altogether well found. For the voyage we paid only two dollars and a half each.

Our next move was into a canal boat; our landlord came on board with us, and, shaking hands, wished us a pleasant voyage. Among our passengers was an old surveyor from the Cayuga Lake; I got into conversation with him, and, among other things, he said:—"It is impossible for the United States to raise an army among our citizens to invade Canada, or for foreign conquest. What young man, for instance, living with a farmer, and getting his board and lodging and twelve dollars a month besides, sitting at table with the family, and treated with as much respect as the farmer himself, would submit to be teemed about by a broken-down tradesman, who might be an officer over him? If the citizens are wanted

to resist a foreign foe, then their spirit would be up and an army would soon be raised, now only 'loafers' join the American army as private soldiers."

In talking of the designs of the sympathizers in Canada, with an American clergyman on board, he said: "Johnstone, the smuggler at French Creek (on the Lake of the Thousand Islands), a well-known leader, is now so little esteemed, that he is like a bird with a shot in the wing, dragging itself through the mud of a creek; no one notices him; the so-called patriots are now at a low ebb. It is considered to be a disgrace to a man to have sympathized with the discontented in Canada. At first it was thought the Canadians were oppressed with taxes, &c., like the Thirteen original States; nonsense, Sir, all nonsense."

Subsequently to this, an American officer told me that he lived on one of the Lakes during the troubles of 1837 and 1838, in Canada, and he used to employ a man to get firewood for him, but he was missed for a considerable time; at length, one day, whilst the officer was walking on the shore, he saw

his old wood-cutter land from a boat, wounded, and in miserable plight. "Well, what has been the matter with you?" he asked.

"Been over to help them on the other side," was the answer.

"What had you to do with them?"

"I didn't see why these people should be governed by a woman."

"Oh! that's it. How would you like if people were to come and burn your location?"

The other began to cry at this, and probably heartily repented himself of his late proceedings.

Our voyage of thirty-eight miles on the canal lasted from 7 A.M. to 4 P.M., and cost one dollar each, including a dinner. There were many locks, yet, withal, the navigation was pleasant. We passed through a cheerful valley, the foliage was russet and also of many colours, in this the beautiful American "Fall" of the year.

We arrived at Syracuse, and put up at the large and excellent Syracuse hotel. On entering the parlour, the first person I saw was Braham, the celebrated vocalist, sitting in a rocking chair; he was accompanied by his wife,

a good tempered agreeable person (since dead), her sister, and a little child.

At five next morning we left Syracuse by the railway; while I was getting the tickets, Lady Alexander remained with my hat box, cloaks, &c., an American passenger coming up with a large deal box, said, "You belong to these things Miss, I guess: well, just look after mine, too," and putting down the box, he went off to secure his place. On the road one gets rid of much of the ceremony of social life.

We entered the great glass car used on American railroads for the conveyance of fifty passengers, sitting two and two on each side, and with a passage down the middle. At Rome, one of the stations, we saw a strong party of American soldiers, which had been placed there by General Scott, nine miles from where MacLeod was tried, in order to be transported suddenly to the spot if required, on any attempt being made by the populace to "Lynch" MacLeod. It thus appeared that the American government had wisely provided against any exercise of Lynch law on this occasion.

I may here observe that General Scott is

highly esteemed by many British officers, who have the pleasure of his acquaintance, and, generally speaking, American and British officers are the best of friends when they chance to meet.

The regulars were quiet looking men, dressed in their undress French grey jackets, an eagle was in front of their chakos. At Little Falls we admired the beautiful scenery, resembling that about Matlock, in England. We travelled comfortably, and in seeming security, at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour, and reached Albany on the Hudson, at half past three in the afternoon. We staid at the American hotel, and walked out to see the handsome public buildings near it, the Capitol, the gilded dome of the State House, &c. At this time a democratic orator held forth here in these terms, "The Whigs wish to borrow money for public improvements, to throw themselves into the arms of the Barings, the Rothschilds, and the Goldsmids: will you strangle the eagle, will you throw it under the feet of the British lion? No! no! do not let the Whigs sell the country."

Next day we were up at six, and off at

seven in the fine steamer 'Troy,' three hundred feet long by sixty, our fare was two dollars each, including meals, for one hundred and forty-five miles, and we were ten hours on the voyage. The 'Troy' could accommodate a thousand passengers, and there were many luxuries on board, a reading-room, with abundance of newspapers, a barber's shop, &c. Our speed was about fifteen miles an hour.

We passed through the enchanting scenery of the Hudson, and its rocks and crags recalled historical recollections of the war of Independance. The foliage had assumed the varied hues of "the Fall," and was very beautiful; in this the old age of the year the trees were crowned with glory. Our musings on the scenery were, however, ever and anon interrupted by the ringing of a bell by a black waiter, and this cry resounded through the vessel all day, "Gentlemen who have not paid their passage, will please go to the Captain's office!"

We landed at New York at five in the evening, and had a hard struggle to secure our baggage from some persons who seemed anxious to appropriate it. We took our residence, first at the Globe Hotel, Blancard being the

landlord; we found this, though a good house, yet dull and expensive; there was no *table d'hôte.* I was anxious to see and mix with American society, and, at the Globe, there was no opportunity of doing so, it was "the separate and silent system" there, besides the charges were three dollars each per day for food, three dollars for a bed-room and back sitting-room; the front ones being all engaged. The daily charge, then, of one pound seventeen and sixpence was rather high as a Transatlantic one, besides having the trouble of selecting one's dinner from delicacies, such as *potage à la Julienne, côtelette à la sauce tomatte, petit pot de crême, fromage tête de mort,* with *vin la rose,* and a *chasse* of *parfait amour.*

I was much pleased to find at New York my esteemed friends, the Messrs. G. and J. Laurie, who, some years previously, had shown me much civility and attention, and who now again renewed their kindnesses. Also Captain Timothy Paige of the United States' army, a friend made at New Orleans, Mr. MacLeod, a merchant, and Professor Renwick, of Columbia College, one of the Commissoners for settling the N. E. boundary.

We soon removed from the Globe to the Mansion House (Bunker's), also in Broadway, where we had good entertainment and good company, and at less than half the cost of the Globe. At the Park Theatre we had the pleasure of seeing the excellent American actor, Placide, and Miss Cushman in "London Assurance." One evening, intending to see the Amphitheatre, we were driven by mistake to the Bowery Theatre. Here, however, we saw Mr. Forrest, who subsequently played in England, but the most surprising part of the night's amusements was the appearance of Caunt, the champion of England, on the stage. He had been brought over on speculation, and was a fine specimen of a man, six feet two in height, strong made, with falling, and not square, shoulders, and powerful limbs. His chest measured forty-eight inches round. His dress was a white Jersey vest, white breeches and stockings, and "high lows," and he wore his champion's belt, ornamented with silver, boxing gloves, and shields.

He sparred with the pugilists Jeroloman and Owen. In the encounter with the former, Caunt moved nimbly about the stage, keeping

his shoulders in play and avoiding blows by throwing back his head, or moving it to one side; at last, Jeroloman rushed in, Caunt met him half way and he fell at once. Owen picked him up, but he could not stand, he spit blood and was carried off on a chair. Caunt apologized to the spectators and said, "If I had not knocked him down, he would have done it to me." After this, Caunt gave Owen a "cross-buttock." A taste for pugilism was growing in the States; it is much better this, than the use of the murderous bowie knife.

The universally esteemed author of the 'Sketch Book,' Washington Irving, now visited us, I had formed his acquaintance in England, and he had formerly given me letters to his friends in the States, which were of great service to me. One of the chief praises that must be accorded to this distinguished writer, is his desire, at all times, to promote friendly feelings between Britain and the United States. Would that all writers on both sides the Atlantic would follow his excellent and most philanthropic example. It is ridiculous to judge of and condemn nations for objectionable peculiarities in a few individuals.

At this time, in the States, the public attention was much occupied with the settlement of the Frontier question, which might have been speedily arranged, if both parties had been willing to follow an excellent general rule for peace, viz. "to give and take." The settlement of Frontier affairs was much interrupted, however, in the States by the important matter of "making Kings;" consequently affairs of moment were often put aside by the partizans of the rivals for the Presidential chair. It appears that one mode of quieting this constant turmoil, would be, if the President were elected for, say seven years only, and no re-election allowed, and all Government officers holding their situations on the same terms; there might then be a great improvement effected in society generally.

From the intelligence and from the books of Mr. J. Russell Bartlett, once secretary of the New York Historical Society, and now secretary of the American Ethnological Society,* I derived much pleasure and advantage. Mr. Tues, of Providence, introduced me to Mr. Bartlett, and

* Of which societies I had the compliment paid me of being elected an honorary member.

with the latter I went to Mr. Albert Gallatin, the celebrated diplomatist and scholar. Mr. Gallatin, like King Louis Phillippe, had once taught pupils, and afterwards rose to be a member of the Government, and also was U.S. Minister at the Court of St. James's. His great age occasioned his keeping within doors in winter, and we found him in his house in Bleeker Street, in the midst of his books and papers. His head, from the projection of the upper part of the forehead, was most remarkable, almost a deformity; his individuality is largely developed; he classifies and analyses, and his memory is most acute. He was one of the best bankers, historians, and geographers of the United States.

As I professed a great desire to proceed to the Oregon as soon as practicable, the subject chiefly discussed with Mr. Gallatin was the Far West. At this Mr. Gallatin was quite *au fait*, for it was understood that he it was who held out against Mr. Canning's proposal to continue the 49th parallel as the boundary, to where it should strike the N.W. branch of the Columbia, and so continue along it and the main stream to

the ocean. Mr. Gallatin insisted on the 49th parallel being adopted as the boundary to the waters of the Pacific.

Mr. Gallatin was of opinion that if Russia and Mexico did not interfere with the Oregon, neither would the British and Americans in the way of settlement; the territory would be left to settle itself with the Anglo-Saxon race. The climate of the Oregon is very remarkable and congenial for settlement; the west winds and the screen of the Rocky Mountains modify it so, that snow seldom lies there; its climate resembles that of the West of Ireland; whereas Philadelphia, in the same parallel on the East coast, has the hot summer of Cadiz and the severe winter of Berlin.

Mr. Gallatin showed me his work on the distribution of the Indian nations, and his copious vocabularies of Indian languages. His opinion was, that civilization proceeded from the centre of America, and that it is impossible there can be civilization without agriculture; that above Tampico, mere hunters existed, from the want of cereal grains, as wheat, oats, millet, rye, &c., and the population had always been

scanty from this cause. I was much gratified by my conference with Mr. Gallatin, whom I had first seen, some years before, at a literary association at Philadelphia, the Wistar Club.

The Docks are objects of considerable interest at New York. I visited them with Dr. Wilkes. We saw first the Floating Dock; boxes were sunk under a vessel, the water was pumped out of these, they rose, and the vessel rose with them, though of twenty feet draught, to admit of its being examined and repaired. The Screw Dock consisted of frame-work applied to the sides of a vessel, which was then raised by a powerful combustion of screws and chains, worked by a steam-engine; and lastly the inclined plane, on which the vessel was also moved up by steam power.

I next saw the House of Refuge, an admirable institution, and similar to one in Glasgow, to reclaim the youth of both sexes. There were at this time in the House of Refuge at New York, one hundred and fifty boys and girls; all were clean and well cared for; no talking was allowed except when they were at play. Some of the boys were employed chair-making. The girls were engaged in needle-work, &c.; and it

was a strange reflection, that though the girls were under sixteen years of age, all had been street-walkers, and were early initiated in vice.

The United States' ship 'North Carolina' well repaid us for our visit to it. Old friends, Mr. and the Misses MacLeod, arranged the party, and Lieutenant Armstrong, U.S.N., took us to the ship in one of her boats. The 'North Carolina' is very deceptive; she is apparently a seventy-four, but actually mounted ninety-two guns, and was pierced for a hundred and four. Twelve guns were below, in the hold, all ready when required. She was very clean, but we remarked that uniformity of dress was not so much attended to as in the British service. Hall's patent rifle was a formidable arm for the top-man; it loaded at the breech, and instead of a ramrod, a bayonet could be pulled out at the muzzle.

The accident which brought me to New York, induced me to take the advice of a physician of great repute; but as it was soon evident that he did not pay much attention to my case, though each visit he took a golden inducement to do so, I transferred myself to

the care of Dr. Alban Goldsmith, who exhibited great skill, and showed me every attention. He had formerly practised in Kentucky, and at Cincinnati; he was well-accustomed to deal with those who had suffered from excess of travel and over-exertion.

I was very happy to renew at New York an acquaintance commenced in Edinburgh, with the distinguished Naturalist, Audubon; and he was still, though upwards of sixty, possessed of great mental and bodily vigour. I found he was now engaged from six in the morning till night with his illustrations of American Quadrupeds; his drawings were most minutely executed, "*ipso manu*;" the hair was delineated by means of pens containing different colours; nothing was slurred over, or left to the fancy of the engraver and colourer, for the hairs of the quadrupeds seemed to have been as carefully numbered and marked, as the feathers of his "Birds" had previously been. One of his sons assisted him in writing the descriptions of the objects of Natural History.

Sometime before this Mr. Audubon had been collecting sea-birds, near the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and had seen there Indians, who

told him that they had come from a great Lake to the north, which no white man had visited, and which abounded in aquatic birds; by their description it was as large as Ontario. Could they have meant Meshickeman Lake, in Labrador? Mr. Audubon was very desirous to make an arrangement to go there with me next summer, or else to the Rocky Mountains by the route of the Sascatchewan River. Nothing could quench his ardour for research. I was very desirous to accompany him on an expedition, and subsequently made application to this effect.

As I complained that a correct representation of my crest, the Beaver, was no where to be seen, Mr. Audubon very kindly presented me with a beautiful pencil drawing of this remarkable animal, adopted as the crest of an ancestor, Sir William Alexander,* of Menstrie (afterwards Earl of Stirling), when he obtained from James I. the grant of Nova Scotia.

Connected with this subject, I had now the

* Alexander, or Alaster, from MacAlaster of the Western Isles of Scotland.

pleasure of making acquaintance with Dr. Duer, the President of Columbia College, and with Dr. Watts' family, descendants in the female line of the American gentleman who, about a century before, had claimed the above title, and who was a Major-General in the American Army during the War of Independence. So much now for genealogy.—

"Vix ea nostra voco."

CHAPTER VI.

Instructive evenings—The Welsh Indians—The companion of Silvio Pellico — Military display—An "evacuation day"—Dinner to the Prince de Joinville—Popular preachers—The public schools—Dinner to Lord Morpeth—St Andrew's dinner—Awkward encounter—Law Courts—Freeman, the young giant—Disputed boundaries—Lectures—Dr. Sparks—Dr. Lardner—Fanny Ellsler.

ROUND the table-lamp of Mr. Bartlett, there was occasionally assembled of an evening a very agreeable party, met to discuss literary and ethnological subjects; there I met Mr. Schoolcraft, formerly the United States' Indian Agent, and who allied himself by marriage with the Indians; the Rev. Mr. Schaules, Dr. Hawkes, the celebrated preacher, Mr. Fulsom, Mr. Wel-

ford, &c. Mr. Bartlett had recently been investigating a very interesting subject, that of the Welsh Indians.

It appeared from ancient record, that a Prince Madoc had left Wales in 1169, in consequence of civil wars, and had sailed from the coast, leaving Ireland to the north; he was absent for a year; when he returned he described a fine country and people in the Far West, and persuaded many of his countrymen to undertake another expedition with him. This second expedition never returned, and nothing more was heard of the adventurers, till in 1650, Morgan Jones, a Welsh clergyman, happening to visit America, went up a river in Virginia, where he was surprised and taken by a party of Indians, who made preparations to kill him; he turned aside, and began praying in Welsh, the Indians heard him, understood him, and sparing his life, they carried him to their tribe in the interior, where he remained some time, teaching and preaching in Welsh, till he was allowed to return to the coast; eventually he died in New England. Mr. Bartlett had got possession of affidavits, and other documents, to attest the truth of the above. Mr. Crooks,

the President of the American Fur Company, afterwards told me, that he had seen a woman of singular fairness, a prisoner among the Pawnees; and that some of the Trappers who had been high up the Platte River, had seen Indians dwelling in narrow and retired valleys, who had different customs, and who practised arts of a superior order to the other Indian tribes. About this time a Welsh gentleman set out for the West to try and discover his lost countrymen, but what became of him I never learned.

Among other parties to which I was invited, was one given by Mr. Wenthorpe to Dr. Sparks, the historian. Mr. Wenthorpe is a descendant of the first Governor of Massachusetts, and of the Dutch Governor, Stuvesant. Lord Morpeth, then travelling in the States, and a general favourite from his affability and intelligence, was present at Mr. Wenthorpe's party, and Colonels Perceval and Clive, of the Guards in Canada. Here also I became acquainted with Mr. Jay, a son of one of those who signed the Declaration of Independance, with Dr. Rogers, also with Signor Maroncelli, the companion and friend of Silvio Pellico, and who

shared with him his imprisonment. The Signor was very lame, used crutches, for one of his legs had been cut off by a barber, in consequence of the hardships he had undergone; yet he was now laudably earning his livelihood by teaching, whilst his wife sang at the Opera.

The 25th of November is a *jour de fête* at New York, under the name of "Evacuation Day," for it is the anniversary of the city having been finally evacuated by the British troops in the war of the Revolution. It was ushered in by the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, the hoisting of the "star-spangled banners, the saucy American flag" in all directions, and the display of caps of liberty on poles. At mid-day there was a grand military promenade by the militia companies of New York, the diversity of uniforms was to me most surprising, scarcely two companies were dressed alike.

The pioneers led the column, in high bear-skin caps, on which nodded blue and white feathers, their coatees were blue, and their aprons yellow, and on their shoulders they bore axes. A band followed in blue coatees with

white facings and grey trowsers, their caps had brass peaks; the cavalry were in grey with red braid. The infantry were in blue, grey, green or scarlet! The neatest dress of all, and the most serviceable was that of some Riflemen in dark-green frock coats and trowsers. The guns of the artillery were distinguished by flags on the carriages, with the device of the eagle "the banner bird of Columbia." The Generals wore cocked-hats with blue and white feathers, and blue coats.

The Corporation or the police should have better controlled the omnibusses and charcoal carts, for the drivers of these vehicles pushed about too independently, and interrupted the order of the march terribly; and as one of the newspapers remarked, "We could not see for them, the firm marching, and the military appearance of our citizens."

I had a polite card of invitation sent to me to attend a grand military and civic ball, given in the evening at the Washington Hotel; I accordingly went there, and as I gave my cloak in charge of an attendant, he said, "I'll trouble you for two shillings," a quarter of a dollar, (for taking charge of it). This was business-like.

I was received by Generals Morris, Storms, and Striker, who walked round the ball-room with me. Over the door of entrance was an immense cap of liberty, sufficiently large to accommodate three men, and on each side of it was the American flag and French tricolour, whilst at opposite ends of the room, were pictures of the Presidents Jackson and Harrison in military array.

Officers and privates in their diversified uniforms were dancing vigorously with damsels, whose prevailing dresses were velvet or pink silk bodies with white skirts. I was presented to the Mayor and Aldermen of the city, by Mr. Wright, the master of the ceremonies, and was treated with marked distinction, under the impression, as I afterwards understood, that I held a high command in Canada.

In the supper-room healths were proposed, and complimentary speeches delivered. I said that it was not the first time I had been in the United States, and I could with truth say, that everywhere I had met with civility and attention, and I trusted that the designs of the evil disposed, who sought to interrupt the harmony

which at present existed between the Americans and the British would be frustrated.

The French Prince de Joinville came at this time to New York with the 'Belle Poule' frigate and a brig, and the citizens complimented him with a grand dinner, to which I had the honour of an invitation. The dinner was given at the great hotel, the Astor House, and the guests were received by the Mayor of the city. The Prince, a tall and pale young man, twenty-four years of age, wore his hair smooth, and over his ears, with moustache surrounding his mouth, and meeting his beard under his chin, his shirt-collar was turned over the collar of his blue naval coat, he wore epaulettes, and the star and red ribbon of the Legion of Honour. He was attended by his secretary, and other officers in uniform. The French Consul, who was a mass of embroidery, ushered in the party.

There was a great crowd in the receiving room, and when dinner was announced, the names were called out in the order in which they were to enter the dining hall. Amongst them, the editors of several newspapers were, as they ought to be, assigned places of honour.

We found the. Hall ornamented with the American Eagle at the top of the room, supported by the French tricolour on the right, and the "stars and stripes" on the left. Under this was "York Town, 1780," and on pillars "Washington," and "Lafayette," festoons and drapery hung from window to window in good taste. I sat between Major Ervine of the U. S. army, and a stout unknown.

The dinner was capital; but the band terrifically loud, drums and trumpets thundering and blustering at a furious rate, and giving us hardly any respite; but this is a common fault with bands everywhere, during an entertainment they are loud and disagreeable, when they should be soft and pleasing. The waiters were very expert; they were dressed in white jackets and black trowsers. At the large hotels in the States the waiters are privately drilled by the landlord with empty plates, instructed to remove the covers by signal, to distribute themselves among the guests, &c., this rehearsal is very amusing to witness, and at the same time it is very useful.

The Mayor proposed the toasts; he got up

and said, "Gentlemen, in the list of toasts which I hold in my hand, the printer has made a mistake, he has put the people of France before the King, the second toast should be the first, and which I now propose, "The King of the French!" next followed "The Prince de Joinville," and then "The People of France;" but the Prince did not rise and acknowledge any of these toasts, perhaps it is not etiquette for the blood royal to do so.

One of the best speeches of the evening was made by Lord Morpeth; he said he was overpowered with the unexpected attentions which were shown to him, turning to the Prince he characterised him as a distinguished individual, who not content with the luxuries of the palace and the endearments of home, sought for fame and fortune at sea.

I was much amused by the jollity of an ex-mayor, on some one asking him what wine he would prefer, he called out, "I don't care, I'm a d——d hard drinker, if I get quantity enough, I don't care what it is." My friend on the left, being a *gros ventre*, put on his spectacles carefully, watched every morsel he consumed, and was quite silent whilst eating

and drinking most abundantly, and torpid thereafter. With Major Ervine, I had much agreeable conversation.

After many toasts and sentiments, plates of segars were handed round, and almost all lighted "a weed." One gentleman said he always smoked twenty-five segars a day and often forty. It is really astonishing, that men of intelligence and education will cloud their senses, and ruin their constitutions with this absurd habit, originating in youth in the desire to appear manly. It is only of use when one is obliged to travel among swamps in hot weather.

At New York, I heard some very excellent preaching, particularly at Grace Church—Dr. Taylor's. In one of his eloquent discourses, he endeavoured to show why there were not many wise, noble, or rich called: there were, he said, too many impediments in their career. In another of his sermons he truly observed, "Though we may lead a life without sensuality, and at the same time devote ourselves to literature, which is commonly considered an innocent life, yet without an earnest looking towards a future state, without daily preparing for it, qualifying our-

selves in some degree for a heavenly inheritance, we do nothing."

Dr. Hawkes, of St. Thomas, in preaching from the text "Give us your prayers," in St. Paul's Epistle to the Thessalonians, described the sufferings of St. Paul, and why—"to proclaim the Gospel of Christ." "St. Paul," he said, "was not an ignorant man, had not merely zeal, but he had knowledge also, for he had been brought up at the feet of the Preceptor Gamaliel; and yet with all his knowledge and intelligence, he asks for the prayers of his inferiors, knowing the efficacy of the prayers of the good, and the heavy responsibility he incurred as a minister of the Gospel, that he would be accountable for many souls."

Again, "man cannot exist alone without fellows, and Christianity teaches reciprocal kindness." In speaking of the ministerial office, he said, "its difficulties may be scorned, and it may be insulted by the little minds, who may taunt the minister with being their paid slave, and may wish to make it appear that he lives by courtesy; yet he hoped that the day would come when the government of the

country would look to the Church for support."

I spent a great part of one day in company with Colonel Clive, and under the direction of Dr. Rogers, in examining the public schools, and—the system practised in them being the interrogatory, was, as it always is, most excellent. The pupils, white as well as coloured, exhibited great proficiency. I examined room No. 14. In mental arithmetic the children were adepts: they also were well acquainted with geography, and many of them displayed a taste for drawing.

In some of the books I observed great erasures in the text, whole sentences, paragraphs, and pages, here and there, obliterated with printers' ink, these were portions of the text which reflected on the Roman Catholics, and which were thus erased in order that they might not object to their children using the same school books which the Protestant children did.

The next great dinner at which I "assisted," was that given by the Yorkshiremen of New York to the Viscount Morpeth. It took place at the City Hall. Mr. Fowler presided on the

occasion. The entertainment reflected great credit on the entertainers, in thus honouring one of whom the great county of York may well be proud.

The Presidents of all the societies in New York were at table. The St. George's Society, St. Andrew's, St. Patrick's, St. David's, the German Society, &c. At the upper end of the room there was a picture of Queen Victoria, and at the lower end there were the arms of Lord Morpeth, and of his father, the Earl of Carlisle, and between them was a transparency representing Howard Castle: this was all in very good taste.

Besides well-dressed dishes of every variety, the usual New York luxuries of terapin, blue pointer oysters, and canvass ducks appeared on the board, and choice wines. Mr. Horn, the singer, gave "God save the Queen," but Mr. Braham, who was also present, thinking, I suppose, that the verse in which "scatter her enemies" was not sufficient energetic, shouted out with his powerful voice the two last verses, which were loudly encored.

There was a spirited oration from the chairman, and an admirable reply from Lord Mor-

peth. Mr. Ogden Hoffman, the district attorney, also spoke with his usual earnestness and eloquence. "In your flowing cup," said he, "let us remember England. I love England, for most of us are of the stock of England; her poetry is ours, her Shakespeare is ours, and her laws are our laws." Mr. Edwards drank the "Manly sports of England, her cricket, her hunting, &c." Commodore Perry, United States' Navy, burly and sailor like, was toasted and replied: he afterwards came to where I sat, invited me to see the navy yard, and said he was an Alexander by the mother's side. The party did not break up till one o'clock, and before its close, several of those present came up to Lord Morpeth and shook hands with him, and reminded him that they were old Yorkshire constituents of his.

The last grand dinner I was present at, was the St. Andrew's, where I had much enjoyment among my countrymen, and at which I had to respond to the toast of the British army.

Among the private parties which we attended, where elegantly furnished and well lighted rooms, excellent music, splendid suppers, and many fair faces combined their attractions, were

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those at the houses of Dr. Rogers, Mr. Jones, Mrs. Colford Jones, Mr. Suffrin, Mrs. Remsin, Mrs. Hammersley, Colonel Murray, Mr. Barclay, now the British Consul at New York, &c. One of the handsomest houses was that of Mrs. Colford Jones, whose furniture, imported from France, was in the style of Louis XIV, beautifully carved and richly gilt; white and gold predominated in her drawing-rooms, and the carpets were of the Gobelin manufacture.

Among the foreigners we met at these parties, were Senor Alved, the Buenos Ayres Minister, the Baron Tuyll, the Baron Tobrian, and a son of the Mexican Emperor, Iturbide. Among the persons of intelligence and agreeable manners, and whose acquaintance we had now the pleasure of making, were Mr. and Mrs. Davis; the political writings of Mr. Davis, under the title of "Major Downing's Letters," during the Jackson administration, are considered very clever.

On leaving one of the above gay parties, I had an unpleasant adventure. Snow was on the ground, and I had gone out to look for my carriage; at a little distance I saw our coach-

man on his box, and I called to him to drive into a vacant space before the door, and so enable us to get away before the crowd came out. Whilst watching the carriage driving up, a stout gentleman came out of the house in a hurry, called out to our coachman to stop, and ordered another carriage to the door. I tried to prevent this, but the other coachman obeying the orders of the stout gentleman, whipped his horses, the pole was driven against my shoulder, and I was thrust into a snow drift.

The stout gentleman still being very obstreperous, caught our advancing horses by the head, and pushed them back. Our coachman then jumping down, said; "I'll knock down any man who interferes in that way." On which the gentleman got very wrath, and running at the coachman, caught him by the neck, and cried, "What is that you say, you rascal?" I immediately ran to the rescue of my coachman, who cried: "I'm darned if I don't knock you down, and no mistake." Catching the stout gentleman by the collar, I called out: "What do you mean, Sir, by meddling with my coachman? Let him go instantly!" Whereupon, turning to me, he cried: "I'll

meddle with you too!" To my amazement, I instantly recognized the voice of an American author, for whom I had a great respect. I immediately let go my hold! I was in hopes that he did not recognize me, muffled up as I was, in a cap and short cloak; and as if by mutual consent, the high contending parties separated. Though I was very thankful that neither the coachman nor myself had struck a blow, I rewarded the man with a broad piece, for the good fight he had made.

With Mr. Blunt I attended the Law Courts, but I was not fortunate to hear a case of any interest; and though in remote sections of the United States, there are singular ways of conducting the business of law, yet in New York, great propriety seemed to be observed in Court. The Judges looked strange without gowns. From the Law Courts I adjourned with Mr. Holl to a different scene—the Pugilistic Rooms of Mr. Hudson, where I saw the young giant, Freeman, exercising with the gloves. I conversed with him, and found him good-tempered and communicative; he stated that his age was twenty-one, and his height seven feet, that he weighed 320 lbs. and was

fifty-eight inches round the chest, and could lift 1500 lbs. Freeman used to be employed at the Circus, in carrying a boy round the ring and riding on two horses, and though he was so bulky, he could throw a somersault.

About this time, I had much conversation regarding the question of the disputed boundaries with the American Commissioners, Colonel Talcot, Major Graham and Professor Renwick, and I was kindly shown the maps and sections which they were carefully preparing. Their impressions of the N.E. part of the disputed territory, at the sources of the Mitis and Rimouski Rivers, was that of an excessively dreary region, not worth sixpence an acre. On digging into the thin soil, rubble was soon reached, the trees were indifferent, and there were small means to get them carried to a market; also that there was no mineral wealth. All this was subsequently given up to the British; but large and valuable tracts of forest land were given up to the Americans, on the North bank of the Upper St. John's. They have certainly no cause to complain of their share of the territory.

I had now an opportunity of renewing my

acquaintance with General Wool, of the U.S. army, an excellent officer, who distinguished himself in the war of 1812-13-14. I had accompanied him and the daughters of General Cass, some years before, to Washington, and was introduced by him to the President, Jackson, with whom we also dined. General Wool was actively engaged in the late Mexican war.

Lectures have of late years been in much request in New York. I heard Dr. Sparks, the author of the "Life of Washington," deliver a very excellent lecture on portions of American history, the treachery of Arnold, and the death of André. I also attended a couple of lectures of the well-known Dr. Lardner. His personal appearance was that of a slight man, about five feet nine inches in height, with sharp features, spectacles, a brown wig, and dressed in blue. He began his lectures abruptly and without bowing. I was sorry, however, to remark that he endeavoured to please his American audience by underrating the scientific acquirements of his own countrymen. He said that he had seen more practical science in the States in three months, than he had done for years in England—all which I thought in bad taste.

He intended, he said, to have lectured on steam-boats, but as he had been disappointed in getting models of two steamers, he would substitute facts about canals. He, however, remarked in passing, that the English had no good river steam-boats, because they had no great rivers as they have in America; that the average speed in the English canals was six miles an hour, which was not sufficient to overcome the resistance of the water; that at ten miles the wave which would otherwise accumulate at the head of the boat, would be left behind it, and that the immersion of the boat was less at a high rate of speed. Now I remember, that in the Paisley canal, the "swift boats," as they were termed, some years ago, got up a rate of speed which was quite sufficient to leave the wave behind them.

The Doctor then changed to astronomy, and exhibited some good transparencies. He said, that if the earth were a perfect sphere, it would have two polar and cold continents, between which would be the ocean. That a fluid globe, by its evolutions, would assume the form of a turnip, and a perfect globe would be easily deranged; and that the oblate-spheroid (some-

what flattened at the poles), was consequently the very best form for the globe to have assumed, under the all-wise direction of the Creator.

The Doctor maintained that the moon has no influence on the weather or on trees, though the reverse may be inferred from the forest laws of Germany and Brazil; nor does it affect lunatics, as would be proved, he said, if their fits of madness were watched and recorded.

After the Doctor's second lecture, which related to steamers, I had the pleasure of seeing the celebrated *danseuse*, Fanny Ellsler, who created quite a *furore* in the States, young men having drawn her carriage, and the furniture of one of her beds having been cut up and distributed.

CHAPTER VII.

His Excellency Sir Charles Bagot—New Year's visits—The British Consul—American wives—Suppers—Servants—The Battle of New Orleans at the Bowery Theatre—Fight between an American and an Irishman—Visit Governor's Island—A British deserter—Off the doctor's list, and prepare to leave New York.

In the beginning of 1842, the Right Honourable Sir Charles Bagot, G.C.B., the newly appointed Governor-General of British North America, arrived at New York in the 'Illustrious' 74, accompanied by Captain Jones, Military Secretary; Captain Bagot, R.N., Private Secretary; and Lieutenant the Honourable T. G. Cholmondeley, A.D.C. Having become acquainted with Sir Charles Bagot, when he was British Minister at Brussels, I

waited on His Excellency and offered my services.

At this time Sir Charles Bagot was looking well in health, was also in good spirits, and affable; he was tall, and a very handsome man, so much so, that an American in a crowd, looking at Sir Charles as he passed said, "Darned, if I would mind being an Englishman, if I were as good looking a man as that." His Excellency described the difficulties he had just experienced in reaching America, that he had left England in a new steam-ship of war (the 'Styx') with new machinery, and a new Captain, that they had advanced only four hundred miles on their voyage across the Atlantic, when encountering heavy gales, they were obliged to put back from a leak; they went into Cork to repair damages, and after four days' delay, they sailed again, when the beam broke, and they put back a second time; Sir Charles then, on his own responsibility, took a brig of war to convey him to Spithead, when Lord Stanley directed the 'Illustrious' to be got ready for His Excellency. This was done after a delay of fourteen days; the 74, then sailed, and was also forced to put back; how-

ever, at last she reached her destination after a six weeks' voyage. All these difficulties might have been interpreted as evil omens for the Governor-General.

The 1st of January in North America is well known to be a day set apart for the visits of friends. Gentlemen visit the ladies, who remain seated at home to receive them, in rooms in which sometimes a handsome lunch is set out. One lady at New York was said to have considerately provided her servant with brushes and a looking-glass, so that "the nice young men," who wished to arrange their hair before being announced, had an opportunity of doing so in the hall.

Some think it necessary on New Year's Day to drink bumpers to the health of the family in every house, and I remember seeing a young gentleman in Canada, towards the close of his New Year's visits, tumble over a sofa and disappear behind it in an endeavour to reach his fur cap; but this like "oyster-day," perhaps only happened "once a year."

On the 3rd of January, Mr. Buchanan, the British Consul, gave a breakfast to Sir Charles Bagot and his staff, to which I was invited.

There were present, the Bishop of Onderdonck, the Mayor Morris, General Talmadge, the Presidents of the St. George's, St. David's, and other societies, General Wadsworth, of Genesee; Colonel Stone, Editor of the "Commercial;" Mr. Davis, the political writer, &c.; over the door of the breakfast-room, the British and American flags were tied together, and under them was the motto "Mother and daughter united, the peace of the world preserved." The handsome family of Mr. Buchanan was presented to His Excellency after the repast.

At one of our evening parties my ancle still paining me, I was anxious to sit down; but could get no seat, "because chairs would ruffle the ladies' dresses." "You will wonder, perhaps," said a gentleman, "how such flighty young ladies as these now seem to be make good wives; but when they marry *rich* husbands they leave off these gaieties for eighteen years, till their daughters grow up; then they go out a little again."

The suppers were always beautifully laid out, and the refreshments were of the choicest description, and cost hundreds of dollars. A

young lady, whom I handed up to supper on one occasion, at first drew off from the table to admire it, and seemed to regret that the arrangements should be disturbed, the pyramids of sweets levelled; the castles of sugar overthrown; the vases of ice demolished. At supper oyster-soup was in high favour with both ladies and gentlemen, and at New York it is most delicious; it is much better to partake of this after dancing, than of cream, ices, or Italian salad. At the bottom of the table I sometimes saw a group of elders, who were slowly imbibing, and with great relish, Madeira of high flavour, and of from six to twelve dollars a bottle.

Complaints were often made to us of the difficulty of finding, or of keeping when found, good servants in the States; and amusing anecdotes were told of the independance of American *helps* in this "land of liberty;" thus "a green mountain boy" of Vermont, engaged himself to a family in town; there was an evening party at the house, and he came in with a tray, seeing some ladies sitting talking in a corner which he could not conveniently reach, he called out, "Hullo, girls! how are you off there for

cream and sweetinin ?" Being directed to light a fire in the morning in the parlour for the children, when the mistress came down she found the servant sitting in a chair, with his feet up, and reading the newspaper; without rising, he cried, pointing at the fire, "Isn't that a roarer!" We can very well afford to laugh at what follows.

On the 8th of January, the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, a performance, flattering to the American pride, took place at the Bowery Theatre. In the first scene a large number of British soldiers appear, who talk largely of what they are going to do when they take the city. Colonel Thornton also comes forward, and encourages the men with the hopes of plunder, and, "Besides that," said he, "by capturing the Mayor, and other men of note, we will secure so many thousand dollars of ransom!" In the second scene, General Jackson was represented by a tall, lanky fellow, in a cocked hat, blue coat and yellow tights; he also brags considerably, and directs cotton bales to be placed to form breastworks for his men; whereupon, a New Orleans merchant comes in hurriedly, and complains of his cotton

bales having been appropriated. The General then harangues him, says his cotton bales are required for the service of his country, and that the General and his soldiers "will die on the cotton bales." On this the merchant becomes suddenly fired with patriotic ardour, calls for an American cockade, which he places in his hat, and valiantly shoulders a musket.

In the third and last scene there is a grand fight, the British advance firing, but the American fire is too heavy for them; they retire, whereupon the brave Packenham advances to the front, and calls to his men, "What! will ye allow yourselves to be defeated?—No!" Rushing up to the bales, he engages in single combat with General Jackson, who is waving an American flag. Packenham falls, all the English are killed, and the curtain drops amidst loud cheers, and the music of "Yankee Doodle." Then a large number of the audience retire to their homes, more confirmed than ever in their belief, that they are "the smartest nation in all creation."

Yet the result of a pugilistic encounter, at Brooklyn, opposite New York, at this time, was

rather vexing to some of the Americans. It took place between a Massachusetts boxer and an Irishman. The Yankee weighed forty pounds more than the other, and, looking with a swaggering air at his antagonist, he said to his backers, "If I don't *whip* (thrash) him in ten minutes, I'll forfeit the stakes." The Irishman went into the ring, and stipulated that "there should be no hitting when down." They set-to; the Irishman tapped the nose of the Yankee, on which the latter became, in the phraseology of the country, "d——d mad," or savage, and hitting away furiously, the Irishman dropped; the fight continued for an hour, the American exhausted himself with his violence, and was at last dead beat. The Irishman was not much the worse, and, jumping over the ropes, he cried, "Now I'm ready for any more of ye." "Hurrah!" shouted one of his countrymen, "this is the Shannon batin the Chesapeake," which made many more "mad;" fortunately, however, no general fight took place.

I visited with Captain Moore, U. S. army, the Fort on Governor's Island, and was received

by Lieutenant Brooks; I found the works in good order, and among other heavy guns, I observed six Paixhans, looking seawards. A band was in attendance which played martial music; the sentries were in light blue great coats, with the belts over them. The full dress is a blue coatee, with light blue trowsers. In the barrack rooms, I remarked that two men occupied the same bed, and that there were no single iron bedsteads, as in the British service.

The powder magazines had double walls of stone and wood, with eighteen inches interval between them, to prevent damp; the doors also were double, the powder being handed out through a small window in the upper part of the outer or spar door.

When looking at an artillery barrack-room, one of the men touched me on the arm, and said in a low tone, "Is Colonel Cathcart, of the King's Dragoon Guards, in Canada yet, Sir?" I found that the inquirer was a deserter from the British Dragoons, and who, with a sigh, regretted leaving our service, and no wonder, for he now found himself a prisoner, as it were, and looked on as an indifferent character. I shall elsewhere treat of desertion.

Being now off the doctor's list, I prepared to return to Canada; after settling all accounts, we took leave of our friends the boarders at the Mansion House Hotel, some of whose names I have a pleasure in recording, as with them we enjoyed much agreeable intercourse during our three months' detention in the capital of the Empire State. Commodores Nicholson and Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Bolton, Mr. and Mrs. Robins, Dr. and Mrs. Lee, Mr. Hayes, Mr. March, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkwood, &c. We also parted from our other friends in town with much regret, and we duly and gratefully acknowledge their many civilities.

CHAPTER VIII.

Arrive at Newhaven—An unfortunate jest—Reach Albany—Return to Kingston—Anecdote of an American "Boots"—More independence—Brigade days—The Governor-General—The United Service ball—Visit the Lake of the Mountain and Bay of Quinté—Mr. Charles Dickens at Kingston—Visit the scene of the affair at Windmill Point—Leave Kingston—Sail for Toronto and Hamilton—The march—A word to gentlemen settlers—Arrive at London, Canada West.

In the end of January we embarked for Newhaven, and passing through Hell Gate, and admiring the handsome residences on the shore, we reached our destined port in six hours. Here we fell in with an agreeable travelling companion in Mr. Watt, of Drummond Villa, Canada East, M.P.P.

We proceeded by railroad to Hartford, in one of the large glass caravans, and by stage to Springfield, where we slept. The passengers

and baggage were indiscriminately distributed in two coaches; those who arrived first were anxious about articles of their baggage which might or might not have been put on the coach which was to follow. I nearly got into a quarrel with an American for jestingly remarking the care he took of his trunk. He asked me to go into the passage, and, with a serious air, inquired if I intended any insinuation against his character, or meant to imply that he had come by the trunk improperly. I smiled and assured him I meant to insinuate nothing of the kind; I was only commending him for his prudence; on which he was soothed. With matter-of-fact people jokes are not safe, and should not be indulged in.

We arrived at Albany by rail, took up our quarters at Congress Hall, and spent a pleasant evening with the Portuguese Minister to Mexico and his family. Next day by rail to Utica, then in a crowded sleigh we travelled all night by Boonville to Waterton, which I afterwards visited under peculiar circumstances—got an extra to St. Vincent, and crossed the ice to Kingston.

On the road, in the United States, one is sometimes amused at the desire of the attendants at hotels to show that they are at least "as good as you," if not better. Thus, an Englishman told me that he was travelling with his younger brother, who was deaf, through Massachusetts; after staying all night at an inn, in the morning the "help" who had cleaned their boots, went to the younger brother and asked him for something: he directed him to his elder brother, who carried the purse; the "boot-clean" went to him and stood before him. "What do you want?" was asked, "I'm the *gentleman* who cleaned your boots, and the *deaf man* there told me to go to you."

Yet it will generally be found that, with good temper and no airs of pretension, a stranger may travel from one end of the United States to the other without any inconvenience, though some Americans seem to think that Englishmen are naturally proud, and therefore they feel a desire to humble them. Thus it was said that Lord Morpeth, on one occasion, was standing on the steps of a hotel, when a citizen went up to him, looked

at him from head to foot, and turned off to the bar, saying, significantly: "We have no Lords here!"

At Kingston, General Clitherow kept us employed during the remainder of the winter of '42 in marching out, and with occasional Brigade days. Matters had been rather *uneasy* with our neighbours for some time past, and therefore it was necessary, at all times, that officers and men should be on the alert, and efficient for active service.

The Governor-General was very civil to the military, and his dinner-parties were very pleasant. He was quite a man of the world, easy and very gentleman-like in his manners, told his story and encouraged others to talk; unfortunately for his health he took little exercise, and became rather stout.

From the information I had recently acquired in the States, I was enabled to submit to Sir Charles Bagot maps and proposals for the speedy settlement of the Boundary Question, and I stated my wish to be employed, for a season, in the distant Oregon. His Excellency received my proposal very favourably, and sent my documents to the Colonial and Foreign

offices; but "the pear was not then ripe," and no settlement at that time took place of either Boundary. An American minister said to Lord Aberdeen, "It is easy to settle the Boundary." "Yes," answered his Lordship, "if we give you all you ask." "Exactly so," said the Plenipotentiary.

To make a break in the winter, we had one or two pic-nics and country parties; one of the former was to Finks' Inn, on Collins' Bay, six miles from Kingston. We sleighed there, partook of a well-ordered repast, arranged under the direction of Captain Talbot, A.D.C., then we danced to the music of two or three violins, and sleighed home by moonlight. At Glenlogie we had very social parties and abundance of Scotch cheer. But the grand event of the season was a United Service ball, to which sixty officers subscribed. It was given as a return for three commercial balls, and, the army and navy uniting, the cost was only about £2 each. As five hundred had to be asked in the town and neighbourhood (three hundred came), we were obliged to build a wooden hall 80 feet by 40 to dance in, whilst the supper was in the principal hotel,

which was connected with our hall. The latter was decorated with flags from the dockyard, chandeliers and stars of bayonets and cutlasses, and the orchestra was festooned with flowers of coloured paper, the handiwork of the officers' wives. The Governor General and staff were present, and, as His Excellency facetiously remarked, the whole affair went off "in an oily manner," or smoothly and pleasantly.

In the early May, when the ground had got rid of its wintry mantle, when the air was fresh and buoyant, the sky bright and 'all nature looked gay,' I proceeded with Lady Alexander in a steamer up the Bay of Quinté, an inlet of Lake Ontario, running deep into the country, and winding between tracts of the richest land towards the mouth of the River Trent.

We steamed past the island—'the Brothers,' and the beautiful Amherst Island, and then put in at Radcliffe's wharf. As yet, there were no leaves out, but it was pleasant to walk on the short green grass, and to hear the birds singing blithely; having no care, we felt that in this bright and balmy season, existence was perfect happiness.

Of Amherst Island, it is said, that Sir

William Johnstone, a distinguished Ranger officer of the last century, obtained possession in this way. The owner of the island, an Indian chief, told him, one morning, that he had had a dream, which was, that Sir William had given him his gold-laced coat: Sir William, according to Indian custom, was therefore obliged to present it. But the following morning Sir William told the chief that he also had been dreaming, and that the chief had given him Amherst Island. The chief was obliged to surrender it; but as he did so, said "let us dream no more, brother."

We passed up the Bay, saw Bath, a scattered place, and Adolphus; many rough people were in the boat, coarse in dress and in manners, but they deserved to be respected as the first, perhaps, who had broken ground in the forests around us. We left the steamer to visit an object of interest, the Lake of the Mountain; an American, oddly enough called, or calling himself, Mr. Lake received us in his clean house, where we ordered the usual country fare of ham and eggs, and then walked up a bank two hundred feet above the level of the Bay.

Here we came to the Lake of the Mountain, a beautiful piece of water, one mile round, skirted with the forest, and fed by streams rising at a distance at higher levels; bass and sun-fish are caught in the clear waters of the Lake.

Looking round, we admired the views up the Bay of Quinté; the cleared and wooded headlands, the dark masses of forest. There is a deep glen and water-fall where the Lake pours its waters down the steep to mingle with those of the Bay; and we saw where an Indian hunter had disappeared over the cliff when too closely pursuing a deer: "a pretty pokerish place that," said our landlord.

We now mounted a lumber waggon without springs, and jolted over a road which was rather trying for a lady. We slept at Pictou, and next day went to Bloomfield, and by well-cultivated farms to Wellington; and saw the undulating sandy beach, the marshes, and the snipe of West Lake. We tarried at Garrel's Inn, a temperance house; I asked the landlord if he had always kept an inn of this sort; "no," said he, "not long, but since we have, we have peace now."

We made an excursion in a skiff, then returned to Pictou, and steamed up the Bay to Belville.

There we put up at the George Inn, where for one night they charged the same as for a whole day, that is, one dollar each; our sleeping accommodation was not worth this, for we were put into a room six feet square, the bed occupying about four, and there was no chair to put one's clothes on. Next morning, we were up at half-past five, and off again to Kingston, making acquaintance by the way with a respectable old squaw in a round hat and ribbon, and blue cloth dress, and who, though seventy years of age, was in the habit of walking seven miles to church.

We had not long returned to Kingston before Mr. Charles Dickens, the well-known author arrived there, with Mrs. Dickens, from their Western tour. I was asked by Mr. Derbishire, M.P.P., a gentleman of great intelligence and always most hospitably disposed, to meet Mr. Dickens at the dock-yard, and afterwards to join him at dinner in the evening.

The celebrated 'Boz' was rowed to the dock-yard in Commodore Sandom's gig. His

appearance at this time was that of a slight-made young man, who had been 'a good deal about town.' He wore his hair long, his hat rather on the back of his head, a black coat and light trowsers, and over all a black shaggy upper coat. I had some conversation with him about Dr. Channing's recent pamphlet on the case of the "Creole," which, in proceeding to New Orleans from Baltimore, had been carried into a British port by the American slaves on board; as the slaves thus became free, the affair was exciting much angry feeling in the States.

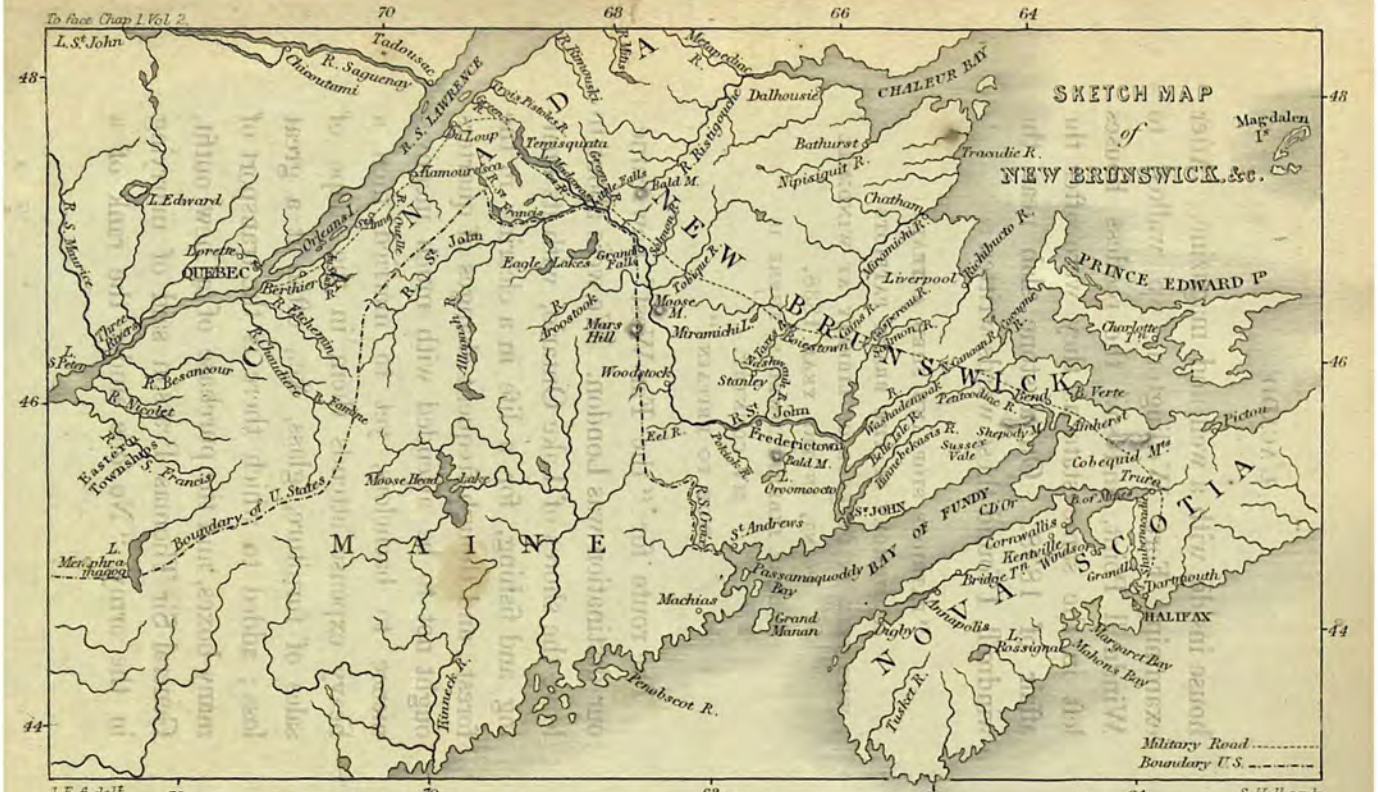
At dinner, Mr. Derbishire had assembled an agreeable party to meet Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, and all passed a pleasant evening; the Vice-Chancellor Jameson, husband of the distinguished authoress of that name, telling some good anecdotes. Mrs. Dickens, who looked very well after her travels, I discovered was the grand-daughter of Mr. George Thompson, of Edinburgh, editor of the "Songs of Burns." Mr. Dickens alluded to the great attention which had been shown him at New York. The Americans were much amused when they heard, that after his arrival in Canada he was obliged to exert himself and take a part in amateur

plays to amuse his countrymen, instead of being *fêted* as he had been in the States.

In the bright month of June, I made an excursion with Lady Alexander and Lieutenant Vavasour, R.E., to the Prescott Windmill, where a fight had taken place in the late rebellion. The small town of Prescott is on the St. Lawrence, and some distance below Kingston. Here the American "sympathizers" had made a bold attempt to establish a footing in Canada; four hundred of them embarked from the vicinity of Sackett's Harbour, under the direction of Van Shultz, previously alluded to; though a Pole, one would imagine, would be the last person in the world to engage in warfare against the British flag, after all the support and sympathy his countrymen have received in England. Johnstone, the smuggler, was also a leader of this band, which landed and took possession of some houses on a point of land below Prescott, expecting a great rising in Canada to join them. Colonel Plomer Young, from Kingston, attacked them by land, in conjunction with Captain Sandom, R.N., with an armed steamer. The insurgents were driven from the houses which

they occupied at some distance from the river, many fled into the woods, and the rest took possession of a large stone house close to the river's bank, and the stone tower of a windmill, off which the carronade balls glanced without effect. Eighteen British were killed and wounded, Regulars and Militia, and among them Lieutenant Johnstone, of the 83rd Regiment was picked off, the colour of his surtout distinguishing him at once from his men. Colonel the Hon. Henry Dundas, commanding at Kingston, arriving with more troops and cannon, the insurgents were driven from the large stone building, and soon after a flag of truce was hung out from the windmill; one hundred and fifty-nine prisoners were taken. Their leader, Van Shultz, and five more, were hanged at Kingston as brigands.

Our sail down the St. Lawrence, and through the Lake of the Thousand Isles, was very delightful; combining the attractions of trees, rocks, clear water, and a bright sky. Close to Prescott is the square work called Fort Wellington, provided with a fraize on the parapet, and palisading in the ditch, caponieres, four guns at the angles of the work, a block-


To face Chap I Vol 2.
SKETCH MAP
of
NEW BRUNSWICK &c.
CANADA
NEW BRUNSWICK
NOVA SCOTIA
MAINE
QUEBEC
L. St John
Tadousac
R. Saguenay
Chicoutimi
R. St Lawrence
Cape Tourmente
Ste Anne
Les Eboulemens
Isle aux Coudres
Isle aux Grues
Isle of Orleans
Quebec
Pointe Levi
Beauport
Montmorenci R.
Falls of Montmorenci
Chateau Richer
Ste Anne
Jacques Cartier R.
Pt aux Trembles
Deschambault
Cap Rouge R.
Jacques Cartier
Pte aux Trembles
Portneuf
Pointe de Lauzon
Dorchester
Lake Etchemin
Lake Frontenac
Lake Megantic
Lake Aylmer
Lake Metgermette
Lake Nicolet
Lake St Peters
Three Rivers
Berthier
R. Maskinonge
L. Maskinonge
L. Edward
R. St Maurice
R. Batiscan
R. Sable
R. Besancour
R. Nicolet
R. Yamaska
R. Chaudiere
R. Famine
R. St Francis
Eastern Townships
Lake St Francis
Boundary of U. States
L. Memphramagog
Moose Head Lake
Lake Umbazookskus
Lake Pohenagamook
Lake Temiscouata
Lake Temiscouata
Madawaska R.
Grand Falls
Eagle Lakes
Grand Falls
Tobique R.
Tobique Falls
Bald M.
Bald M.
Bald M.

house inside, with a well and magazine. After examining Fort Wellington, we walked to Windmill Point, and saw the roofless houses left in the same state as they were after the affair of 1838. On a stone slab near the windmill, I found these words written:

"PATRIOTS STOP AND SHED A TEAR!
IN MEMORY OF THE BRAVE PATRIOTS
WHO FELL IN DEFENCE OF LIBERTY AT WINDMILL
POINT, IN THE YEAR 1838.
WHERE LIBERTY DWELLS, THERE IS
MY COUNTRY.
WOE TO BRITAIN!"

The route for "the Far-West" now came: our destination was London. We were about to leave the shores of Lake Ontario, with its boating and fishing, for a life in a clearing in the forest; and though frequent changes of quarters ought not to be attended with much inconvenience to bachelors, yet to married men a heavy expense attends them in the shape of sales of furniture, glass, &c., often at a great loss; added to which there is the transport of many boxes, and the purchase of a new outfit. General Sir Thomas Pearson said of marrying in the army, "No one under the rank of a

General ought to think of it, and *then* he had better let it alone." But married or single we must cheerfully receive the route, and march as the tune of "'Tis time for us to go," is played.

The regiment sailed in two divisions for Toronto and Hamilton, and then had a week's march. Hamilton is the thriving capital of Gore; this is a section of country which was distinguished for its loyalty, and for the efficient aid rendered in the Insurrection of 1837, by "the men of Gore," under their gallant leader, Colonel Sir Allan MacNab, the Knight of Dundurn, and Speaker of the Legislative Assembly.

The first division marched to Ancaster, seven miles, and halted for the night; the next march was to Brantford, on the Grand River. Brantford is named after the Indian chief, Brant; and his people have got a beautiful settlement on the Grand River, which is worth visiting. All my company marched on fresh, none got into the Doctor's waggon; and though the weather was hot, yet by following an African plan in travelling—to drink well before starting, and refrain from liquids during the heat of the

day, not much inconvenience was experienced from thirst.

I conversed with a farmer near Brantford, and he said that it was difficult to succeed in that part of the country, owing to the high price of labour at that time, viz. a dollar a-day, and food, or say 5*s*. 3*d*. sterling a-day was the cost of a labourer or the pay of an ensign. He said, too, that if the Commissariat had been aware that with a day's notice, plenty of cattle might have been driven to our various halting places, the men might have always got fresh meat at 2*d*. per lb., instead of their salt-pork rations, during a hot march. For my own part, I do not think salt rations for one week any very great hardship, as I was obliged to be satisfied with such for several weeks, when subsequently engaged in exploring in the woods in hot weather.

But one thing was rather hard for the men; they had no straw to sleep on; so immediately we halted for the night, I went with a small party to forage for what might keep the men off the floors of the stables and barns, in which they passed the night. The officers slept hot and soft enough, in the small inns, if they liked

to do so; for in summer and winter, the people of the country use that horror, a feather bed.

At Beechville we were among what is called "the aristocracy of Woodstock," and I was kindly invited, with Lieut. J. P. Hall, to take up our quarters for the night at the house of Mrs. Place. Mr. John Vansittart, the son of the Admiral of that name, gave me also a polite invitation to his father's house in the neighbourhood. Colonel Light, late a Surveyor-General in Australia, lived also in the neighbourhood. The Brothers Deedes, of Kent, being active and industrious, were succeeding very well as farmers in this part of the country.

Here I must be permitted to introduce a word to gentlemen settlers in general. If it be an officer who intends to settle, let him on no account part with his half-pay; for should he do so, he may, before long, have reason to regret it. Half-pay is always something to fall back upon, and helps too in the woods "to keep the pot boiling;" and if one does not succeed in farming, (which few do, by the way, unless they have been brought up to it previously to entering "the noble profession of arms,") perhaps full pay might be got in a local

corps. Again, there can be no success in farming by officer or civilian, or in almost any other line of life, and no good health, unless one gets up at cock crowing, *item*, practising great temperance.

I need hardly add, that without religious principles and "an upright walk and conversation," success will not be deserved.

We halted next at Ingersall, where there was a good inn, and then at Wheeler's tavern, where a black man came forward and danced, and then offered, for a few pence, to run at a door and butt it with his bare head, like a ram, but he was not encouraged to practice this feat. Butting is a favourite mode of fighting among negroes, and it is dreadful to see them running at one another, and making their woolly heads resound against each other. If one makes his blow in the stomach of his antagonist, death not unfrequently ensues.

We continued our march through the forest, with partial clearings and small wooden houses of settlers here and there; the road was sandy, but we were refreshed with the smell of the turpentine from the trees, and by the shade which they cast across our way. Subsequently

we came to larger clearings, and the heat and dust were rather overpowering. A corps leaving London, had on this last march, fifty men fall out, and some died from strokes of the sun. The black patent leather of their caps occasioned the mischief; a white or drab crown would be an improvement for soldiers' caps. A riding party and then a military band advanced to meet us. This was Colonel and Miss Wetherall, some officers of the Royal regiment, and the band of that old and highly distinguished corps, sent forward to play us into our new quarters, at London, where we also found excellent breakfasts prepared for both our officers and men by the gallant and considerate "Royals."

CHAPTER IX.

Colonel G. A. Wetherall.—London, Canada West—Occupations there—Leave London for Hamilton—Visit the Talbot settlement and its founder—Colonel Talbot is visited by the Americans—His man Jeffreys—Singular exit—Continue the journey along the shores of Lake Erie—A London citizen in the Bush—The village of Simcoe—Cheap living—Roguery of innkeepers—Management of bees—Stoney Creek—Arrive at Hamilton—Return to London—Amusements—Brigade days—Anecdote of Washington and a British Colonel.

COLONEL GEORGE AUGUSTUS WETHERALL, C.B., K.H., senior aide-de-camp to the Queen, had earned a high reputation by his services in the East, and latterly for the excellent judgment and success which attended his operations against the insurgents in Canada, particularly in the affairs at St. Charles and St. Eustache.

He was at this time in command of the 2nd battalion, Royal Regiment, and the Brigadier in the London and Western districts. I was acquainted with the Colonel when he was Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief, at Madras, and I was very happy to be again with him in the Far West. Colonel Wetherall was universally popular, the father of his regiment, attentive to the interests of his officers and men, was always glad to be consulted by them in their difficulties, possessed a superior knowledge of military law, was soldier-like in his ideas, and extremely pleasant and social in his habits.

The Canadian London, in 1842, contained about 2,600 souls. It is in the midst of a considerable clearing in the pine-woods, which on sandy ridges overhang the waters of the shallow and swift-running Thames; this river, after a long forest course, empties itself into Lake St. Clair. Among innumerable stumps and trunks, blasted by fire and girdling, were seen wide streets at right angles to each other. These were for the most part bordered by scattered wooden houses, of one and two stories, and many had vegetable gardens about them.

LONDON, CANADA WEST.

Stumps of trees were seen in all directions along the street, and some might also have been found in the kitchen and cellars of the houses. In the principal thoroughfare, Dundas Street, where the best stores were, the houses were adjacent, and some few of brick. In the Market-square there was a castellated Court-house and gaol; a handsome English church, Scotch, Roman Catholic, Wesleyan, and other places of worship were in various parts of the town. Frame barracks for two regiments, and which cost £30,000 currency, and log ones, both surrounded with loop-holed palisades, also an artillery barrack were outside of it on high ground; and Colonel Wetherall was busy clearing and levelling the ground all round them with working parties—most useful and healthful practice for soldiers. Three wooden bridges, that spanned the river, were dignified with the names of Blackfriars, Westminster, and Wellington; and on every side the view was bounded by the level tops of the dark forest.

As to climate, it was dry and healthy; there was hardly ever an officer on the sick-list, and about four or five per cent. of the men in hospital at one time. Yet in the months of June, July,

August, and September, the thermometer was often above 80°, and sometimes 100° in the shade; whilst in winter, usually beginning about the 1st of December, and ending about the commencement of April, the quicksilver fell sometimes to 3°, 7°, and 10° below zero on successive days at sunrise, though usually the cold was not intense.

For amusements, the military had their usual field-days on the drill-ground, their brigade-exercise in the country, a garrison theatre, a gymnasium, a racket-court, and a select pack of hounds, to fight against the monotony of "the Bush." The officers did not pull up at the five-feet snake (or wooden zigzag) fence. The society of the town consisted of only three or four families. That of Mr. Harris, R.N., Treasurer of the district, was particularly distinguished among the military, for hospitality and kindness; the social circle at their evening parties being always most cheerful and agreeable. It was anticipated that when the plank-roads, which were now in process of construction, from London to Brantford, to Port Stanley, Sarnia, Goderich, &c., should be completed, a great population would be "located" along

these roads, and that London would also rapidly increase.

As few people in the Old Country are acquainted with the nature of plank-roads, apparently so suitable for wooded countries in course of settlement, and which are now laid for hundreds of miles in Canada West, I beg to annex a short description of one. The whole breadth of the clearing through the forest is 64 feet, the road-bed is 30 feet wide, the ditches on each side are 8 feet wide at top, 2 feet at bottom, and 3 feet deep from the crown of the road. The plank-way, on which is the travelling for rough-shod horses only, is 16 feet wide. There are five rows of sleepers, 4×6 inches, laid in the ground, the earth well rammed down on each side of them, 3-inch plank, 12 inches wide, is laid on the sleepers, and secured to them by spikes of iron, $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches long by $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch square. The road is graded to an elevation not to exceed $2\frac{1}{2}^{0}$; all the material should be of the best pine, and the expense averages £500 currency per mile, or £400 sterling. The road will probably last ten years, when it may be renewed, or its place supplied by a Macadamised road, or a railroad. The

road will pay for itself, indirectly, by attracting settlers.

Some idea may be formed of the newness of the "location" of London "in the stumps," when I say that two or three bears from the woods sauntered through the streets at night when we were there, and one of them on passing looked curiously at a sentry. The soldier was a good deal astonished at such a visitor to his post.

Most of the officers liked London. There was an air of freedom about the place that could not fail to recommend it, and there were few who did not keep a horse, forage being cheap; and besides the riding there was deer, wild turkey, partridge and quail shooting near, and fishing also "convenient" in the Westmnister ponds. Above all, we had a chief who, though a strict disciplinarian, was one who joined and encouraged his officers and men in all their amusements.

After seeing my men established in their barracks, I got leave to return to Hamilton, to bring up my family, whom I had left at the house of Captain Douglas, of the Grenadiers. I had a pleasant and an intelligent travelling

companion in Dr. Home, of the Medical Staff; and after engaging a waggon and pair of horses, we proceeded to the shores of Lake Erie, so as to reach Hamilton by a different route to that which we had first followed.

We breakfasted at the village of St. Thomas, and being then in the Talbot settlement, we resolved to visit its founder, the Lion of the West, the Honourable Colonel Talbot. This gentleman, of the noble family of Malahide, had moved in gay and military circles for some years; and was, at the beginning of the century, on the Staff of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, when he was seized with the desire to seclude himself from the world, and found a settlement in the forests of America. Embarking in a canoe on Lake Erie, he coasted along, and selected a large and fertile tract on the uncleared shores of the Lake, and where, a bachelor, he established himself in his forest home.

We drove towards the Colonel's residence, nine miles from St. Thomas, passing good farms. We quitted the main road, and driving through an avenue of fine trees of walnut, maple, and butter-nut, at an angle of the road our attention was directed by our driver to "a

tump," as he styled it. It was a hillock called the giant's grave, where he said Colonel Talbot intended eventually to be buried. The Colonel's residence was a long house of one story, with a verandah towards the south; it was on a high bank, overlooking the waters of the inland sea, Lake Erie. The forest was cleared to a considerable distance round the house, and there was a good square garden at a little distance.

On sending in our cards, requesting permission to look at the place, the Colonel favoured us with an invitation. We accordingly approached the verandah, near which there were several hundred head of poultry, sufficient for a whole regiment, giving each man his bird. The Colonel's silent and melancholy-looking domestic, Jeffreys, received us at the door, and conducted us through an outer room garnished with flour barrels, in some of which hens were engaged hatching. In the sitting room there was a long table, a heavy press, shelves with books, and several ancient portmanteaus. At a small fire, though it was in July, sat the Colonel, occupied with his newspapers, who received us courteously, and with his usual hospitality. He was a short and

strong built man, with a ruddy face, an aquiline nose, and was dressed in a white jacket and trowsers. He had no cause for partiality to his American neighbours on the other side of the Lake, for he had been twice burnt out by them.

In walking towards the garden, where we saw two of the good conduct men of the Royals at work, (a privilege accorded them by their commanding officer that was attended with excellent results), the Colonel told us that a few days before, a tall Yankee came and looked in at his window; "What do you want?" called the Colonel, sharply.

"Well! I'll tell you," slowly answered the other, "but in my own way."

"I hope it will be a short way, then," said the Colonel.

"I've been four days in Talbot settlement," answered the stranger, "and I wish to see its founder."

"Well, you have seen him; now go away!"

Jeffreys thought this was an American General (sympathizing) for his horse had a high peaked saddle and military stirrups.

We sat in the garden, under a tree for some

time enjoying the flowers. The American sympathizers, at their last visit, wished apparently to carry off the Colonel, or to do him an injury, and coming up to Jeffreys, they asked him who that old man was in the field (it was the Colonel). Jeffreys said it was an old fellow who looked after the cows. They then called him lazy, and told him to drive in the cows, which he did, and they went off.

The Colonel and Jeffreys had a quarrel on one occasion, and the latter went away. The Colonel sometime afterwards had occasion to go to Ireland, and the first person who assisted him out of the carriage at Lord Talbot's was Jeffreys, who took up his old master's trunk without speaking, neither did the Colonel make any remark, and Jeffrey's continued with him as before.

We dined in a room with red paper and gilding, unusual ornaments. We had a well-dressed dish of roast meat and mashed potatoes, and a good bottle of port. The host, being of the old school of hospitality, pressed us to drink, which we declined, after having had a couple of glasses, evidently very much to his annoyance, for when we went into the

next room he followed us, and, rather to our surprise, said quietly, "I have ordered your waggon; I don't wish you to be late in getting back to St. Thomas."

Taking leave, we drove off at 3 P.M., and laughed a good deal at the singular manner of our exit, on account of following principles of temperance; we were willing to sit and even to remain all night, if we had been asked, but not to drink. We slept at St. Thomas, and our next stage was to Fredericksburg, in the forest, where a lame man was very anxious for me to chew and drink with him. In the pine-woods we saw many shells of abandoned houses, the soil was poor, and it was evident that the intending settlers could not make a living there. We slept at Sovereins Inn. Seeing a small shop over the way, I went into it, and found it kept by a late London merchant. "I was not always in this way," he said, "I frequented the Stock Exchange for twenty-five years, and drank my bottle of wine every day after dinner." I thought if he had omitted the latter "custom of an afternoon," he might not now be in the the pine-woods of Lake Erie.

I was surprised at the thriving appearance of the village of Simcoe, our next halting-place; though hardly to be noticed on the map, it had at this time about fifteen hundred inhabitants, and possessed good hotels. Dover, on Lake Erie, is its port, with which it communicated by means of a small river. Dinner was announced at the hotel by striking a gigantic triangle of iron, hung from a beam in an upper verandah. The fare was good and abundant, and on asking a boarder, a half-pay officer, how much he paid per week there, he said he got his bed, three meals a-day, and his boots cleaned for $2\frac{1}{2}$ dollars a-week (10*s.* 5*d.* sterling), and if he asked a friend to dinner, it was an English shilling extra. This is reasonable living till one can select a suitable farm.

As my companion and myself wore blouses, and were not suspected of "the crime of being in the service," we paid the prices of the country—a quarter of a dollar per meal, and an English sixpence for our beds. On one occasion at an inn, a card fell out of a carpet-bag, and I was immediately charged double, because I was an officer, and because other

officers had paid what was now charged. If roguery is expected, it is always advisable to come to an understanding about charges beforehand.

Judges receive £25 currency when holding a Court at particular places; at Niagara a Judge was three weeks there, and when he called for his bill at the hotel, he was charged, to his surprise, £24, though he had lived like other people. On remonstrating with the landlord, the latter coolly said, "I know you are allowed £25 for your expenses here, and I have left you £1 to carry you home!"

We reached Cayuga, on the Grand River; there was an air of desolation about this place; the river which had once ran briskly past, was now stagnant from the dam below, yet a steamer could get to Brandford, fifty miles up the river, which was a great advantage for traffic, but not for health.

At one place we got a greasy breakfast, with horrid tea. The landlord was like a large pork-barrel, and seemed to wallow in his own fat, and with his half-closed eyes twinkling, he watched his brother pigs feeding before him. *Nota bene*—in travelling in Canada, or in most

parts of the world, always take your own tea, and let it be the best black. In Canada West, a doctor said one half of his practice was owing to green tea; the people drank it strong and three times a-day: our present host treated us to mawkish bush-tea, made from the leaves of the forest.

At Allanburgh, on the Welland Canal (connecting the waters of Erie and Ontario, and circumventing the great Falls of Niagara), we could get no good place of refreshment for man or horse. Passing beautiful farms we went to Dishers, nine miles; there the landlord was curious in bees, and I saw an excellent plan for causing the bees to work, and at the same time saving their lives at the end of their labours. A small press was placed on brackets in the verandah, on opening the press, in the door of which a hole allowed the bees to enter, a shelf was seen at the upper part, and on it were two small boxes, with panes of glass in their front, the bees entered these from below by six holes, and as they were filled with honey they were removed, and sold entire in the market according to their weight, and new boxes were introduced from time to time during the summer.

The empty part of the press below the shelf received the bees when driven out of the full boxes, allowed ventilation, and the press itself was a good protection for its inhabitants from the cold in winter. I bought a box of beautiful honey, all ready packed by the bees, for a trifle.

Passing over the battle-ground of Stoney Creek, and crossing beautiful streams of water, rushing from the high wooded ridge on our left towards the waters of Lake Ontario, which was at no great distance on our right, we reached Hamilton.

Whilst making preparations to return to London in a light carriage with my family, I rode about and examined Burlington heights,—a strong military position, being an elevated peninsula, with a river sweeping round it. I also visited the settlement of Dundas; the scenery about this place was on a grand scale, and very imposing: swelling hills, masses of forest, and in the distance the broad waters of Ontario. A fine object in the picture was Dundurn Castle, the handsome residence of Sir Allan MacNab, with its park and garden overlooking Burlington Bay.

We returned in two days to London, sleeping by the way at Lewis Charles', an inn well-known to the military in Canada West. In London, I rented a roomy wooden house of two stories, with a good stable and garden near the banks of the river, and a mile from the barracks, at a rent of £37 per annum. Thus, with a couple of stout horses to ride freely through the oak woods (and at this time there were few fences to interrupt one's progress), with occasional pic-nics, the drill being over in the morning, our time passed pleasantly enough, and without care.

In garrison there was a "ryghte merrie" set of young men, and bold hunters withal. Our social meetings took place several miles from the garrison at a farm-house in the woods, or by the banks of a stream; a good barn for dancing was indispensable. Some men of one of the bands were sent out in a waggon, another was freighted with cold provent, supplied by the married people, whilst the bachelors provided the wine and malt. The cost to each was only about a dollar—no great extravagance, whilst so much good-feeling was promoted. The soldiers, seeing their officers agree so well,

agreed also; there was no quarrelling in garrison at all, all were "a band of brothers," and the Brigadier was himself happy whilst promoting the happiness of others. These were, indeed, joyous days.

Colonel Wetherall's brigade days were both instructive and agreeable. There was a prairie a few miles from London, called the Scofield Plains, and when a brigade day was ordered, tents were sent out there. The troops marched out after an early breakfast, each man carrying his dinner ready cooked in his mess tin, with biscuits in his havresack. On arriving at the ground, arms were piled, knapsacks taken off, forage caps put on, and the tents pitched correctly, after which, manœuvering or a sham fight took place, artillery and infantry, heavy and light, all acting in concert. In the meantime a mess tent was pitched by the officers' servants, and laid out with a cold dinner, the ladies rode out to the plains, and took up their position at the tent, and, after the evolutions were concluded, all went to dinner, and sometime after the repast, the men amused themselves with games, running, leaping, wrest-

ling, &c., till it was time to march home again.

I remarked on our first brigade day to the Brigadier, that his knapsacks were arranged better than I had ever seen before, viz., in threes, two were placed flat on the ground together, and a third on the top, instead of the irregular manner in which they are usually placed beside the piled arms. The Brigadier said, "I took that from my father: he commanded the 17th regiment in the American revolutionary war, and, on one occasion, he was directed to make with his regiment a rapid movement to the front, he accordingly ordered his men to take off their knapsacks and place them regularly in line, and in threes as was their wont; on advancing to the point directed, he found himself confronted with the American army, with Washington at its head, and he was compelled to retire without the possibility of taking up the knapsacks. The American General marched over the same ground, and when his troops began to take up the knapsacks, he called out "Forbear, this must be a well ordered regiment, and I respect its

commanding officer," and next day he magnaminously restored the whole of the knapsacks of the 17th regiment untouched. This tells highly to the credit of both General Washington and Sir Frederick Wetherall.

CHAPTER X.

Desertion in Canada—How facilitated—Proposal for its prevention—Some regiments exempt from the crime—Miseries of deserters—Anecdote of a swimmer—Causes of discontent — National corps and county regiments — Reasons for desertion — Want of uniformity in punishments—Notions regarding a commanding officer — Indulgencies — Schools —Athletic games—Ball firing—Public works—Monotony the chief cause of desertion—Good effects of Temperance Societies and Saving Banks—Effects of addresses on soldiers.

THE crime of desertion from the ranks of regiments stationed in Canada, has for several years past occasioned considerable inconvenience and annoyance to military authorities. Some of the stations there are so conveniently situated for facilitating desertion, that if a man be inclined to leave his corps, and violate his oath of

allegiance to his sovereign, he has many chances in his favour to enable him to escape to the United States.

At Kingston, for instance, in winter, "the Bridge of Ice," over the lower part of the Lake Ontario, carries him to the French Creek, or Sackett's Harbour; in summer, the American steamers enable men to escape disguised as women; whilst at Amherstburgh, the narrow Detroit River enables a good swimmer to reach with comparative ease the vaunted land of liberty. I now, with an earnest desire for the benefit of the service, venture on a few remarks on the cause of desertion, and with a view to its prevention.

If it could possibly be avoided, it would be well not to send a regiment, newly arrived in Canada, either to Kingston or to Amherstburgh, for the reasons above mentioned, or to St John's, near Lake Champlain; sometimes it cannot be helped, particularly for a regiment from the West Indies, which had no opportunity, previously, for the scum to be thrown off; and when it does arrive at a dangerous station, it may find no recorded experience of former corps to direct its commander how to

place look-out parties, or otherwise, to check desertion. It is well known that, for the sake of a free passage to America, and, in order to join friends already in the United States at little expense, some men will enlist at home, and desert from their corps in Canada the first favourable opportunity. The best system to make men feel comfortable and happy with their corps, will probably fail to make these men alter their original intention in enlisting; but I do not think their numbers are considerable; therefore their loss cannot be of great importance.

Much to the credit of the 64th and 88th regiments, they lost few or no men by desertion in Canada. It would be useful to get the experience of officers of these regiments, during their service there, and learn from them the probable causes of their men's abiding by their colours, whilst others disgracefully abandon theirs. Perhaps in these two corps there was a system of rewarding good men in some particular way, and the attention of the officers was not exclusively directed to the punishment of the bad. It is true that of late years much milder punishments than formerly have judi-

ciously been introduced into the army: the duty also is no where severe in Canada, and really they have no good reason for throwing up their service in the colony: still there must be reasons for their doing so, beside the one already mentioned; these it is the purpose of the writer now to investigate.

There is little doubt that, along the northern frontier of the United States, there are a set of miscreants, whose constant aim is to embroil the two countries in war, and to work underhandedly as much mischief to us as possible. Though the Americans attacked us first, and attempted to take us by suprise at the commencement of the last war of 1812, yet we gave them many severe lessons, which they cannot easily forget; besides many of them wish to destroy all monarchical government on the North American continent, and to substitute a Republic; for these ends monied men in Rochester, Buffalo, and other towns along the frontier, subscribed handsomely in 1837-38 to aid the wicked attempts of the "sympathizers" on the peace of Canada, and also to promote desertion from our ranks; but I think this bad feeling now only prevails, to any extent,

along the frontier; in the cities on the sea board there is a prevailing desire to continue friendly relations with us.

Perhaps the designs of our enemies on the borders would be best frustrated by having additional Canadian companies, similar to those of the Royal Canadian Rifles,* posted along our frontier at Amherstburgh, Niagara, Kingston, Cornwall, St. John's, and Sherbrooke, whilst the regiments of the line occupied Quebec and Montreal.

It is believed that there is a society on the borders of the States, the members of which subscribe to entice our men over for the purpose of employing them as labourers. To effect their purpose, they engage both male and female emissaries, who have sometimes been detected and punished (formerly) by flogging through the streets, or by hard labour in penitentiaries; but in general they manage matters so dexterously that they escape detection.

A soldier, on sentry at Quebec, was accosted

* The service of the men, who at present enter the Royal Canadian Corps, amount to fifteen years, perhaps ten would be better.

by an American, who wondered why he remained a soldier and a slave, when the means of escape were so easy.

"How?" asked the soldier.

"If you have a mind to go," answered the Yankee, "I'll give you a bundle of plain clothes, and a check for ten dollars."

"Well, do so."

In a short time the bargain was fulfilled; when the sentry immediately thrusting the astonished "son of liberty" in his box, kept him there, till the relief came round; the check and the bundle brought the evil design completely home to the culprit, who was forthwith severely punished.

An American has been known to take five pounds from a non-commissioned officer to help him to desert, then to bring him back, deliver him up, and get ten pounds as a reward! And when they do take a man to the States, they soon get what money he may have about him, and otherwise ill-use him in various ways. This is true, or else hundreds of deserters would not have offered to return, and serve during the rebellion of 1837-8, but Lord Seaton would have none of them.

When a corps of stalwart dragoons was on the Niagara frontier, emissaries from the States told them that if they deserted they should have a "suit of genteel black" provided them, and a tavern bill for a month. The American officers behaved very well on some occasions as to our deserters. At one time orders were issued by the U. S. Government, that British deserters were not to be enlisted. Shortly after this, two men of the above corps came swaggering into the barracks at Buffalo, thinking that their fine appearance would immediately cause them to be courted. "Will you enlist us?" they said to the American commanding officer.

"No; I don't want you," was the reply; "but as I know and respect your officers, I'll send you back safe if you will go, and I will intercede for you, so that you may get off a severe punishment."

"No," they answered, "we won't go back; this is a land of liberty, and we can do what we like here."

"I'll show you it is a land of liberty," said the American officer; "for if you are not out of the barrack-gate in five minutes, I'll flog you

out." The burly soldados, chopfallen, straightway retired.

Of course it is generally the worst characters in a regiment who desert; men who are constantly in trouble, drunkards, men who have lost their service by previous desertions, and who think that they have not sufficient restraint over themselves to do their duty faithfully, and recover their lost service. In looking over lists of deserters, I find these entries: "A. B. a troublesome discontented fellow, and indifferent character, and very fond of 'law;' has many relations in the Canadas and in the States." "C. D. 2nd desertion; a bad character." "E. F. This man's desertion caused some surprise, as he has generally been a well-conducted soldier, was reduced from Lance Corporal a short time ago, for some minor offence, which might probably have turned his thoughts on desertion." "G. H. has served upwards of ten years, a notoriously good-for-nothing fellow, always in scrapes, and in bad repute with his comrades, forfeited all claim to pension on discharge for theft." But here is a case of a good man deserting, probably through fondness for money: "I. K., a very good man, particularly

careful, steady and sober, has been in the regiment about ten years, by trade a shoemaker, used to work at his trade in town during his leisure hours, and there is no doubt was overpersuaded to desert by prospects of doing better in the States."

Many men have lost their lives in attempting to desert in Canada; they fall through the ice, they get lost in the woods and perish from cold. The drowned bodies of deserters have been seen circling about for weeks in the Devil's Whirlpool below Niagara, and when they do manage to reach the States, not one in ten does any good there. They cannot, as they had anticipated, lead there a gentlemanly life of idleness, and they soon find that the labour with the spade and pickaxe, on a railway or canal, is much heavier work than shouldering a musket; if, too, they are promised a dollar a day of wages, they do not get it in specie, but in the form of a ticket "good for one dollar" at a particular store, and there they are lucky if they get half the value of it in goods.

Some time ago an amusing instance occurred of the recapture of a deserter. He left Amherstburgh to swim across at night to the

opposite shore. He managed to give "a wide berth" to Bois-blanc Island, on which there was a guard, and he breasted the stream gallantly; but getting among some other islands he got confused, and, instead of keeping the stream always running against his right shoulder, he got it on his left, and actually relanded on the British shore, in the morning, thinking it was the American. A woman coming down for water was naturally a good deal surprised at the appearance of a man issuing, like Leander, from the flood close behind her, and exclaiming to her, "Hurrah! here we are in the land of liberty." "What do you mean," she asked. "In the States to be sure," he answered. The woman immediately saw the true state of the case, and saying, "Follow me," he found himself in the guard-room.

The matter of finance is often the cause of desertion both in Canada and Ireland. On making inquiries on the causes of desertion, whilst some time ago, viewing, by invitation of the commanding officer, the interior economy of a regiment in the very first order in Dublin garrison, the Colonel said, "Desertion used to

prevail in this regiment formerly among the recruits; when I took command of it, I found they were put under heavy stoppages for their necessaries, and got nothing for the purchase of beer and tobacco, which they saw the older soldiers enjoying; they were naturally discontented at this, and inclined to desert. I ordered that every recruit should have at least twopence a day to spend whilst under stoppages, content was immediately established in the corps, and I lost no men."

In Canada and elsewhere it has happened that men have allowed their "kit" to get into bad order: they are put under stoppages of the whole of their pay, have nothing for pocket money, and if they ask the pay-serjeant for a shilling, he, being perhaps at the time in a bad humour: won't give it them, they take this to heart and go off in a sudden freak. It is evident then, that it would be well if a man had at least sixpence to spend every three days, under any circumstances of stoppages.

To a person who reflects at all on the subject of desertion, I think it will be evident that in national regiments the crime of desertion is likely to be less frequent than in mixed corps.

In the former there is more union and sympathy, the one with the other; a recruit joining a national regiment finds himself at once among friends, whom he perhaps knew when a boy, or whose relations and friends he knows. In national corps there is a greater feeling and desire to stand well with those we left at home, than in regiments recruited in the United Kingdom. "What will they say in the Gallowgate if they beat us," said a Glasgow man to his comrades when the enemy seemed too much for his regiment. Determined to stand well with their friends in the Gallowgate, the Glasgow men with redoubled exertions drove back their foes.

If it could possibly be managed to make the English regiments, which bear the name of particular counties, composed exclusively of men of these counties, it would be for the good of the service in many ways, besides tending to prevent desertion from them. A penny in addition to the pay after seven years' service, twopence after fourteen years, and a free discharge and pension of one shilling a day after twenty-one years' faithful service, and part of this in the East or West Indies, (twenty-four

years' service to entitle them to the shilling if the East or West Indies have not been visited); these advantages, with the medal of service and uniform good treatment, ought, in national or county regiments, to make men contented to serve their full time, particularly since the military authorities have of late years so judiciously and liberally bestowed commissions from the ranks, and since it is notorious that British private soldiers are better fed, clothed, lodged, and attended to in sickness than any other troops in the world. The new regulation of a free discharge after ten years' service will doubtless be found to work very well, as there is much "hope" mixed up in a servitude of this nature.

Among other apprehended deserters whom I caused to be examined in Canada, to find out their reasons for the abandonment of the service, there was a smart soldier-like and good-looking man,—he was at hard labour. On his being interrogated in a quiet and friendly way as to his reasons for deserting, whether he had been persuaded to do so by any inducements held out to him on arriving in the United States, and whether there were

any regimental grievances which made him dissatisfied with a soldier's life. The man declared, with much apparent sincerity, and some contrition in his manner, that no one ever offered him any inducements to desert, neither had he any regimental causes of complaint or dissatisfaction, but that "it was through drink." He had taken to drinking on being disappointed in his hope of getting into the Light Company. I heard of another apprehended deserter, who on being asked his reasons for deserting said, "I was cook to the officer's mess; the officers seemed to like me, and I was indulged; but I was refused a pass for a night, when I thought I ought to have got one, and I deserted." Another said, "Being obliged to get a new shell-jacket when I thought my old one might have done, made me desert." But if the men had been otherwise comfortable in these regiments, they would not have deserted for such trifling causes.

It is well known, that some men after a debauch have wandered about in "the bush," and being afraid of punishment when they returned to their corps, have deserted. But the excuse of "drink" is sometimes employed

on the defence of notorious deserters; thus, at a General Court-martial on two men who had deserted twice and three times before, and who had been caught on an island sixteen miles from their regiment, they urged in their defence that they had got drunk and had wandered thus far, mistaking their road; unluckily for them, the civilian they called in their defence said, that the first question they asked him next morning was "the way to Long Island," the direct course to the States.

Different systems of punishment in different regiments serving in the *same* garrison, have occasioned desertion, and it was difficult to remedy this Thus in a Dragoon regiment, where men cannot be long under punishment, or the horses would suffer, twenty-four hours of black-hole would be made to suffice for a case of drunkenness at stables, whilst an Infantry soldier in daily intercourse with the same Dragoons, got ten days' confinement to barracks for being drunk for evening parade. The Infantry man thought himself more hardly dealt with than the Dragoon, since he could not approach the canteen during his ten days to barracks, and it unfortunately happened,

that as his pay accumulated during that time, when he got out he invited two or three comrades to join him in a debauch, and a debauch after punishment helped on to desertion. If there were a plentiful supply of black-holes in Infantry barracks, the defaulters' room might be dispensed with.

In awarding punishment, previous character will naturally be first inquired into, though I think it injudicious always to rake up a long list of offences against a man: let us see what a man is, and not what he was a long time ago. A mild system, with firmness, is surely the best; admonish a man for the first or even the second case of drunkenness, give him three days to barracks for the third offence, seven for the next, fourteen for repeated drunkenness, and if this will not do, bring him to Court-Martial; but let the mild system have first a fair trial.

Apologising to older officers than myself for intruding the following 'notions,' I would say that a judicious commanding officer will, of course, turn especial attention to the means of rewarding good men, and making their situation comfortable. Whilst he sees the

army regulations correctly and not carelessly obeyed, he will not impose harassing duties, much drill, numerous and heavy fatigues; he will prevent harsh and unkind treatment by non-commissioned officers, whilst at the same time he upholds their authority. He will not court popularity, to do so would be contemptible, but he will conscientiously do his duty. He will take care that before an officer is placed in charge of a company, that he is thoroughly drilled and acquainted with his duties; and after an officer is in command of a company some discretion will be allowed him as to promoting men from the ranks to non-commissioned officers; as to the punishment of minor offences, &c., grave offences ought only to come before the commanding officer.

In a regiment of high reputation, every man who has been but of the defaulter's book for a month is entitled to a pass, and is allowed to remain out of barracks, if he wishes it, for a whole night. I am not aware that this privilege has been abused in that corps. This is a reward for a good man. Unless a Colonel of a regiment, a Captain of a ship, a regimental schoolmaster, a head of a family, is obeyed with

good humour, he knows not how to rule. To make a soldier happy in the little world in which he exists, a likely way is to keep him complete with a good kit. As I said before, by so managing his pay that he may be seldom under close stoppages, by comfortable messing, by encouraging not merely the children and the young non-commissioned officers to go to school to improve their hand-writing, but by inducing, by exemption from morning parade, as many men in the ranks, who have not had the benefit of education, to attend school for two hours daily, by inculcating principles of morality and religion at school, and by establishing a regimental library, if there is no garrison one convenient for the men.

Further, a judicious commanding officer, well supported as he ought to be by his officers and non-commissioned officers, will do all in his power to promote and encourage athletic and manly exercises; cricket-grounds and racket-courts have been wisely ordered for the different garrisons; when they are prepared they will help materially to the efficiency of the service. Besides the out-door sports in spring, summer, and autumn of foot-ball, fives, quoits, running,

pitching, shot, swimming, cricket, &c., it would be well if *an empty room in each barrack could be set apart for winter amusements*, and to keep active spirits out of the debasing tap-room. In this room gymnastic poles, ropes, and ladders might be put up at trifling cost; the athletes might leap, wrestle, spar, play single stick, or practice the bayonet exercise with knobbed sticks, a non-commissioned officer in charge of the room instantly checking any ebullition of bad temper. Music has a most humanizing tendency, it would be well to encourage that in a corps, and if theatricals can be conducted with strict propriety of dialogue, they will have a beneficial effect and amuse the men in the long winter evenings. All this occasions some trouble, but *nil sine labore;* we cannot reap advantages without first sowing good seed.

With the percussion muskets now issued, it is a pleasure to have ball practice, and there should be *plenty of it*, also of skirmishing in 'the bush.' The stimulus of pecuniary rewards for firing being employed, also a gold medal for the best shot in the regiment and silver company medals. I would also, as often as is

practicable, employ the men in summer on military roads or about military works as did the Romans. I knew of a regiment in Canada from which there were many desertions the first year, the second they were employed on military works, and there were no desertions at all, the third year they were idle, and desertion began again, *verbum sapienti*.

I am convinced that *monotony*, a dull routine, *is the chief cause of desertion*, yet I am aware that some old officers say that the men off duty ought not to be *bothered* too much; that it is enough when they come off guard, if they rest themselves for a time on their 'stretchers' and then take a saunter through the streets. I allow that it is highly injudicious to interfere with the men too much, but everything ought to be put in their way to induce them spontaneously to occupy themselves usefully, and to keep them from feeling listless and inclined to rest themselves, not on their stretchers, but on the bench of a public-house.

Russian soldiers work at trades when off duty, and their wages help to maintain them; if

this system could be adopted in the British service, without injustice to the civilian mechanic, and the wages placed in a savings' bank, and not spent in a public-house, the men might be greatly benefitted. In the colonies the men might easily have gardens and grow their own vegetables.

Temperance societies and savings' banks are sneered at by those who have never observed their good effects. It is said of the first that they promote hypocrisy, and an outward and often deceptive appearance of sobriety; to the last it is objected that they promote niggardly habits among soldiers, who ought to be liberal and even reckless. If to wean the British soldier from a propensity to spend his pocket money in drink be desirable, then are temperance societies necessary, for if those who desire to be temperate, do not unite and encourage one another in temperance, the drunkard will be likely to have great and destructive influence, in inducing many easily persuaded men to adopt their baneful habits. I think temperance societies in regiments help to prevent desertion, though meetings for dis-

cussion are bad and might be dangerous; and surely a man worth £10 or £20 in a savings' bank, or enjoying the great satisfaction which Highland regiments in particular enjoy, of remitting money to his friends, is much less likely to desert than a man in debt and under stoppages. A reckless character is not a better soldier in action than he who acts from a high principle of devotion to the service of his Sovereign and country, and who 'striving for the mastery is temperate in all things.'

There is yet another and a very powerful means of preventing desertion which might be resorted to: an occasional short address from a commanding officer or captain of a company to the men. Generally speaking, speech-making of any length, by military men, should not be resorted to; the men would tire of it, and it requires a person to be better accustomed to it than most officers can be who are not amateur actors. In a military audience, a surprising effect has often been produced by a few energetic sentences, dictated by common sense and a sincere desire for the good of the service, and evidently not intended for the purpose of

display. Napoleon well knew the good effects of an address to his soldiers before a fight, when he reminded them of their former distinguished services, and stimulated them to fresh acts of courage by the hope of *la gloire ;* so might the British officer, (as did most successfully the hero of Scinde, the gallant Napier,) stimulate his men to perform what is above all other considerations, their duty. The services also of the military chaplain might be called in to assist a commanding officer in stemming the tide of desertion, and recalling the men to a sense of what they owe to their Sovereign and to their country, besides pointing out the great sin they commit in basely violating a solemn obligation, and thereby incurring the heavy displeasure of their Creator.

The speech put in the mouth of King Henry V. by the immortal bard of Avon, before the storming of the breach at Harfleur, showed how well Shakespeare understood what would best excite in British soldiers, that pride in themselves and in their country, that is sure to crush all thoughts of deserting her time-honoured flag and prompt to deeds of noble daring :—

" And you, goodye omen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not,
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot ;
Follow your spirit ; and upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry ! England ! and St. George !"

CHAPTER XI.

Beauty of the Canadian morning—Amusements of the officers — Setting in of the winter — The officers' winter coat— The sleigh meets—Prepare for a sleigh drive to the Falls of Niagara—Route to Brantford—Night adventure — Canadian living and servants' anecdotes—Indian thieves—Hamilton—Teetotalism —A drunkard outwitted—The battle field of Stoney Creek—A dry old Yankee—Falls of Niagara in winter—The water rockets—Proposal to pass over the Falls — A thaw and its effects—The Clifton hotel—The battle field of Lundy's Lane.

LONDON, Canada West, is very hot in summer; as I said, the thermometer being usually eighty at mid-day, though sometimes ninety and more. Yet the mornings were delightful, that is if one rose at four, when there was only a blush of red in the east, the grass spangled with dew, and the birds and

squirrels beginning to move among the trees, and no sounds save that of the clear river rushing over its pebbly bed, whilst the flowers, just opening their petals, refreshed the sense of smell; then was the time to ride through the forest glades, and seek health during the cool breezes of the early day.

In the autumn of 1842, we "got up" competitions similar to those we had held at Kingston, and into which the men of the royal regiment and Artillery entered heartily; the officers also encountering each other on horseback with the lance and single sticks, and tilted at the ring for a winter waistcoat, worked by the ladies. Lieutenant Fisher, R.A., a dashing rider, carried off this prize.

When "a meet" of the hunters took place, the ladies rode out to see them throw off, and as the cleared country was on each side of the road, an excellent view was obtained of all the incidents of the chase, the daring leaps over the snake fences of logs laid horizontally, and in zigzag fashion, and from four to five feet high, and sometimes more; the falls of horse and rider in broken or swampy ground, the checks, again the burst from the cover, when all was

excitement and animation, heightened by the mellow baying of the hounds, and the lively blast of the horn. The chase ended, the ladies and sportsmen would ride home leisurely together.

In November, the country began to look desolate, and on the 18th the first snow fell; winter had commenced in earnest—

"The silvery snow! the silvery snow!
Like a glory it falls on the fields below;
And the trees with their diamond branches appear
Like the fairy growth of some magical sphere.

"While soft as music, and wild and white,
It glitters and floats in the pale moonlight,
And spangles the river and fount as they flow;
Oh! who has not loved the bright beautiful snow."

Officers and men now put on fur caps, thick great coats, and storm gloves; there were no more drills, only a daily parade to see that the men were clean. Singular enough, in Canada the officers were allowed to wear blue great coats, whilst the men's were, as usual, grey. It was evident that riflemen could have picked out officers at the distance of half a mile or more; this induced me to make a drawing of a line of

infantry in a forest, with the officers distinctly marked in blue, and on this being submitted to the authorities, a change was immediately ordered to be made in the winter dress of the officers; their winter coats are now grey like the men's.

Like Polar voyagers, we now fitted up a theatre, and turned out a very respectable corps dramatique. A gymnasium was also attached to the theatre, and provided with swinging and horizontal poles, ropes, a ladder; single sticks and foils were not wanting, and all the usual apparatus of such a place. Twice a week we had sleigh meets, when curricles, and tandems, and cutters, or sleighs of one horse power, turned out with steeds gaily decked with party-coloured streamers, and alive with bells. The President of the day, (who gave the lunch, at which soups and warm jellies were always in demand,) sometimes selected difficult ground and steep descents to test the courage and skill of his followers. On one occasion the President was, with his tandem, trying to do something desperate, when his leader jumped over a fence, leaving the wheeler and the driver in "an awkward fix" on the other side.

On new year's day there was the usual driving round in sleighs, and visiting the ladies. One "turn out," with four horses and postillions and outriders, was intended to represent the royal equipage, but it was upset on purpose before our door, and her Majesty and Prince Albert and some of the suite disappeared in a snow wreath, under a heap of buffalo robes, after which the whole party, postilions and all, refreshed themselves in our sitting room, with sundry cordials.

To make a break in a long Canadian winter, a small party was formed, in the beginning of 1843, to visit the Falls of Niagara when encircled with a snowy mantle, and margined with clustering icicles, and after viewing the sublime cataract under this peculiar aspect, it was proposed to participate for a short season in the gaieties of Toronto, before returning to the "stumps and squirrels" of the back woods.

Our company consisted of two ladies and four officers, Captain and Mrs. Davenport and Dr. Dartnell, Royals, Lieutenant Paton, R.A., and ourselves, three servants, and we occupied three two horse sleighs, well provided with buffalo, fox, and racoon robes. Clothes' bags were

strapped to the runners, fur caps and fur-breasted coats were donned, and, with bells ringing on the collars and breast straps of the willing steeds, the cavalcade briskly trotted over the natural railroad of snow to the sound of the leader's horn.

Our way led past small log or frame farm houses, separated from the road by the every-where-seen zigzag or snake fence. The smoke curled lazily from the chimneys; few moving objects were descried about the doors; an occasional wood-sleigh, or one laden with forage, would pass us on the road. Then we entered the woods of tall pine, the stumps of which in the foreground were curiously topped with a foot or two of snow, like huge plum cakes "iced" with sugar. A solitary black squirrel would run across the road, and mount a tree, but no sounds, save those of our bells, would interrupt the solitude of "the bush."

In Canada horses are treated as in some parts of Ireland, "two feeds of water and one of oats;" we accordingly pulled up after fourteen miles to water, and then halted for a couple of hours at Ingersoll, twenty-five miles, to water again and feed. The principal movement here

was produced by "small boys" dragging hand-sleighs up a slope, and then *hurling* on them to the bottom, an amusement of which Canadian boys, and sometimes ladies too, are passionately fond; it is called "toboggoning." We accomplished our sixty miles without much fatigue to the horses, in seven hours, exclusive of the mid-day halt; and crossing the Ouse, or Grand River, by a covered wooden bridge, we took up our quarters in the large village of Brantford.

Brantford is the scene of frequent riots and disturbances. In passing through it in summer, we heard that the American residents had just celebrated the anniversary of the Independence of the United States, by firing musketry in the streets, and also a cannon, which had probably been originally intended to aid in the late rebellion. The loyal party attacked the Americans, and a sharp conflict ensued, ending in the withdrawal and concealment of the great gun and small arms, along with those who used them. Now there had been a municipal election, and one party had engaged a number of fighting Irishmen from the Welland Canal, to carry the day with knock-down arguments. A skir-

mish took place in the Town-Hall, which was continued in the street, and followed up to various houses, and the result was that forty people were seriously injured. Our party found their peace also disturbed in this unruly place; the *genius loci*, seemingly, being constant riot.

The ladies usually on the journey occupied the best bed-room in the house, whilst the gentlemen stretched themselves on "shake-downs" in the sitting-room; preferring this method for the sake of sociability, and to take advantage of the fire. Most of the bed-rooms in country inns in Canada are mere closets, with curtainless stretchers, containing feather-bed nuisances, and very small pillows.

At three o'clock in the morning a female entered our dormitory in the dark, craving water, and finding a jug on the table, she took a hearty pull at it, and then carried it off, but missing her footing at the head of the stairs, she rolled to the bottom, breaking the crockery, and alarming the house. Shortly after she appeared again, but now with a light, and seizing a bottle of cognac on the table, she said, "They tell me there's some London

officers here, I'll fix them! A bad set, to turn me, a soldier's wife, out of barracks, because some told lies about me. I don't get a chance like this every day, to pay them off. They receive a sergeant's word, too, before a poor soldier's! But if I don't pull their chicken now (take advantage of them), it's a pity!"

"Oh! this is destruction!" groaned one of the sleepers, "go to the d—l, and let us sleep."

"No, no; here I sit, I'll have a talk with ye first, and try your grog," whereupon she swallowed half a tumbler of raw spirits. Fair words and abuse were equally thrown away upon her. She averred that she was as good as we were, only she had not got as much money in her pocket. She locked the door, sat down before it, and put the key in her pocket; at last, on the landlord calling to her from below, she seized up the bottle, saying, "I'll treat the boys with this," and disappeared; a pursuit ensued by our servants, and the bottle was recovered from her lower garments.

The usual charge at inns in Canada West is, as I said previously, one shilling (English) for each meal, and sixpence for a bed. A stranger

travelling through the country will do well not to ask for a bill, for then it is very possible he may be overcharged, but if he goes up to the bar-keeper and says, "I've had so many meals," and deposits the corresponding number of shillings, all will be right. Three shillings a-night is the usual charge for a pair of horses, and a shilling for a mid-day feed.

This winter in Canada West, 100 lbs. weight of pork could be bought for two dollars (eight shillings), and the same quantity of flour for the same price, and even less. Potatoes for $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ the bushel, so that allowing a man 1 lb. of flour, and 1 lb. of pork a-day, the expense of this common feeding would amount to 15 dollars, or £3 a-year; and wages were 2*s.* for a labourer, and 3*s.* or 4*s.* for a mechanic a-day.

One of the chief annoyances to which householders in Canada are subject, is that of servants; the feeling of independence, and even of insolence, which they soon imbibe, causes endless vexation to their masters. Long and faithful service in Canada is almost unknown; but if the stream of emigration continues to flow towards "The land of the West," help of some

sort, though not long by the same hands, may be counted on. Lately, a gentleman from the old country lived on a large farm, which he had bought in the neighbourhood of London, C. W.: he had brought with him from England a labouring man, whom he promoted in Canada to the office of bailiff and gardener; the wages of this functionary were good, and he was prudent. One morning he came to the gentleman and said, "Measter, I have been a long time with you now."

"Yes, you have—what of that?"

"I think, Measter, you and me 's about equal."

"How do you make out that?"

"You see, Measter, you makes me eat my vittels in your kitchen; now you know that won't do here."

"Well, what do you want?"

"Why I wants a knife and fork in your parlour, or else I clears out."

"What! to eat with my family? No, no; that will never do, so clear out as soon as you like."

Another Englishman cleverly kept his servant, and in the proper place, thus: he engaged

an American female "help," who, the first day, laid an extra cover at table, "Who is that for?" was asked.

"I guess it's for *my*self," was the answer.

"Oh! you mean to dine with us!"

"I expect I do."

"Very well."

She accordingly sat down with the family, and the master paid her the most marked attention; helped her to the choicest food, assisted her to bread, beer, &c., from the sideboard, and in short, so overpowered her with civility, that she begged "for goodness sake" to be allowed to eat alone, and in her own place; and she did so, and did good service besides.

But let us continue our drive. On the second morning we cheerfully "put to" at Brantford; and, under the exhilarating influence of a sharp frost and clear sky, we glided over the frozen snow at a rapid pace on our way to Hamilton. The Grand River was on our right, navigable in the open season for fifty miles towards Lake Erie, and we passed near the colony of Indians on its banks, who, at this season, are muffled up in their blankets and red leggings.

By putting two of the servants in one sleigh with the baggage, four of the party could always be together, and thus the time was agreeably diversified with song and story. Two of us had been "bronzed" in the East, a field always supplying a store of anecdote and adventure. Here is one of the recollections of the land of the sun. The dexterity of Indian thieves is unrivalled; but an Irish officer, in a part of the country in bad repute, laid a heavy wager that they could not rob him; his brother officers took him up, and determined to rob him themselves, but they were saved the trouble. At night he went to bed in his tent, sleeping on a cot resting on and fixed to his two bullock trunks, a chain was passed through the handles of these, and padlocked to the tent-pole; he placed his money under his pillow, and a brace of loaded pistols; his sword was on one side, and his double barrel on the other; he had also a terrier dog with him. Taking "a night-cap," in the shape of a glass of brandy-and-water, he lay down in full security: but, alas! for all his precautions, in the morning he lay on his sheet on the ground, in a tent completely "gutted." The thieves had enticed away the

dog, lifted him off the stretcher on the sheet, removed his money and arms, lifted the tent-pole, and passed under it the chain which secured the bullock trunks, and got clear off with their booty!

Hamilton, on Burlington Bay, and near the celebrated heights of the same name, the natural Citadel of Canada West, is in the midst of a most thriving district; beautiful farms are everywhere seen around, with fields clear of stumps, and enclosed with good fences. The town has a cheerful aspect, with broad streets and lofty houses, and there is constantly a commercial movement and bustle in it. With the clear waters of the bay in front, the back ground of the picture is a rich screen of trees, clothing the side of a ridge which runs to Niagara, distant fifty miles.

Teetotalism is extending in Hamilton, as elsewhere in Canada; and it is needful it should do so in a land overflowing with whisky at sixpence a quart. Soldiers are sorely tried with this temptation in Canada; and though among them there is a good deal of "steady drinking," yet the extraordinary inebriation which used to prevail in India is unknown.

There our worthy Medico had once charge of a detachment of two hundred and forty men; out of this number there were sixty-four cases of *delirium tremens*, from hard drinking, in three months! There was a pump in the barrack-yard, and every morning he saw drunkards helped to it by their comrades, and copiously pumped on to fit tnem for parade, which passing, in a way, they drank again, and again were pumped on for evening parade!

He played them a trick one day. A party of them came to the hospital to get some medicine, to escape parade altogether. One came forward:

"What is the matter with you?"

"Oh! I am very bad in my inside, Sur."

"Go into the surgery, and you'll get some medicine. Sergeant, give this man some of the black bottle on the upper shelf"—a horrid mixture kept for malingers (or those who sham sick), composed of salts, senna, tobacco-water, assafœtida, &c.

Pat tasted it, and not liking it, slyly emptied the glass into his cap. The Doctor watched him, and calling him, told him to put on his cap.

"I'll do that outside, Sur."

"No, put it on now; you know a soldier should never take his cap off." It was done cautiously. "How long have you been sick?"

"It's been coming on for some time, Sur."

"What's that running over your eyes?"

The patient putting up his hand, exclaimed, "Oh! 'tis nothing but the sweat, Sur."

"How comes it black? Sergeant, bring him another dose of the same." Pat swallowed this with a terrible grimace and shudder; whilst the others, watching outside, cried to Pat, "By the powers but he's done ye," and forthwith disappeared.

Leaving Hamilton, we soon approached the battle ground of Stoney Creek, memorable in the late American war. On the right was the wood bridge, leading towards Niagara; below was a level plateau, thinly sprinkled with trees; beneath this again were cultivated fields and the houses of the village of Stoney Creek, through which the straight road led; on the left, fields and thickets sloped away gently towards Lake Ontario.

The American army, three thousand five hundred strong, and following the British on

their retreat towards the Burlington heights, one night took up their bivouac on the plateau beneath the ridge. The present Governor of Nova Scotia, the gallant Sir John Harvey, and then Deputy Adjutant General, asked leave of his Chief to return with five hundred chosen men and surprise the Americans, reposing in fancied security; leave was granted. He struck down the advanced sentries with the bayonet, and then made a desperate onslaught in the dark; the Americans broke and fled, leaving their cannon, munitions of war, and two Generals in the hands of the victors. The American General, who reported this affair to his Government, added, "after this we *advanced* on Niagara," advancing to the rear! An experienced military friend commonly says of affairs of this sort, "The value of night-attacks is not at all understood—it is a mine which has not been worked or appreciated."

We passed on to Forty Mile Creek, and there took up our quarters for the night in the clean wayside inn, with "Jennings" on the sign; but new people had just taken the house, and though somewhat unprovided for our party, yet they made up deficiencies in provent and

beds, by civility and attention; and we, being in good health and spirits, were not in the mood to complain of anything. Whilst supper was preparing, some itinerant Italian organists, exhibiting wax figures of the Siamese twins in a box, played lively tunes in the bar, and set the feet of our soldier-servants in motion, who danced jigs, to the surprise of the "loafers" lazily collected about the stove.

"I cannot find beds for all you gentlemen," said the hostess, "but I'll do the best I can for ye."

"Make up a family-bed for us in the sitting-room, with two mattresses side by side," we answered; and it was so contrived. An old and dry Yankee attendant amused us; he was as civil as the rest of the people of the house, but on the ladies objecting to his proposal to light the fire in their room in the morning, (as he stood with his slouched glazed hat and loosely-fitting jacket, and continuations at their door, lantern in hand, to ask if they wanted any more help from him) he replied, "Well! I guess the little girl will make the fire for ye, if ye be afeard of the old man; but ye are safe enough here, I tell ye."

Next morning we were off by times, with our snowy railroad as good as ever; the three sleighs making the woods on each side tuneful with their light bells; the driver, who led, occasionally, blew a blast with his horn, to warn the country sleighs to share with us the road, but which brought the dwellers in the scattered houses to their doors; a piece of paper held up would bring them out for a fancied letter, they would run back for change for a shilling York (sixpence) to pay for it, when the train would drive off, with much laughter. Mounting some steep ascents, and passing along an undulating road, we reached Drummondville, or Lundy's Lane, the scene of another sharp conflict. The favourable state of the snow now induced a repetition of the combat—one sleigh against another, with snowballs. Gliding down the street of the village, we heard beneath us the heavy roar of the world's wonder, the mighty Niagara, and then found ourselves at the door of the Clifton Hotel.

The great cataract is seen by few travellers in its winter garb. I had seen it several years before in all the glories of autumn, its encircling woods, happily spared by the remorseless

hatchet, and tinted with the brilliant hues peculiar to the American "Fall." Now the glory had departed; the woods were still there, but were generally black, with occasional green pines; beneath the grey trunks was spread a thick mantle of snow, and from the brown rocks, inclosing the deep channel of the Niagara River, hung huge clusters of icicles, twenty feet in length, like silver pipes of giant organs. The tumultuous rapids appeared to me to descend more regularly than formerly over the steps which distinctly extended across the wide river; in the midst of the rapids, and before the awful plunge of the cataract, was fixed a conspicuous black object, which appeared to be the remains of a vessel. These, I was assured, were the last vestiges of the 'Détroit,' the flag-ship of Commodore Barclay, and on whose deck he bled whilst sustaining his unequal combat on the waters of Lake Erie, in 1813. In 1841, the 'Détroit' was cut adrift from Buffalo, to be sent over the Falls, but grounding on the great ledges of the Rapids, it had by degrees been reduced to a few black ribs. It was impossible to look upon these melancholy remains of a

fierce struggle, without feelings of intense interest.

The portions of the British, or Horse-shoe Fall, where the waters descend in masses of snowy whiteness, were unchanged by the season, except that vast sheets of ice and icicles hung on their margin; but where the deep waves of sea-green water roll majestically over the steep, large pieces of descending ice were frequently descried on its surface. No rainbows were now observed on the great vapour-cloud, which shrouds for ever the bottom of the Fall; but we were extremely fortunate to see now plainly what I had looked for in vain at my last visit, the *water-rockets*, first described by Capt. Hall, which shot up with a train of vapour singly, and in flights of a dozen, from the abyss near Table-Rock, curved towards the East, and burst and fell in front of the cataract. Vast masses of descending fluid produce this singular effect, by means of condensed air acting on portions of the vapour into which the water is comminuted below. Altogether the appearance was most startling. It was observed at 1 P.M. from the gallery of Mr. Barnett's museum.

The broad sheet of the American Fall presented the appearance of light-green water and feathery spray, also margined by huge icicles. The great masses of rock at the bottom were covered, as it were, with pure white heaps of cotton, whilst on the left, and in front of the Fall, a cone was in process of formation from the congealing vapour. As in summer, the water rushing from under the vapour-cloud of the two Falls, was of a milky whiteness as far as the ferry, when it became dark, and interspersed with floating masses of ice. Here, the year before, from the pieces of ice being heaped and crushed together in great quantities, was formed a thick and high bridge of ice, completely across the river, safe for passengers for some time; and in the middle of it, a Yankee speculator had erected a shanty, for refreshments.

Lately, at a dinner-party, I heard a staff-officer of talent, but who was fond of exciting wonder by his narratives, propose to the company a singular wager,—a bet of £100, that he would go over the Falls of Niagara, and come out alive at the bottom! No one being inclined to take him up, and after a good deal of dis-

cussion as to how this most perilous feat was to be accomplished, the plan was disclosed. To place on Table Rock a crane, with a long arm reaching over the water of the Horse-shoe Fall; from this arm would hang, by a stout rope, a large bucket or cask; this would be taken up some distance above the Fall, where a mill-race slowly glides towards the cataract; here the adventurer would get into the cask, men stationed on the Table Rock would haul in the slack of the rope as he descended, and the crane would swing him clear from the cataract as he passed over. Here is a chance for any gentleman sportsman to immortalize himself!

A rapid thaw took place after we reached the Falls; the icicles which had before covered every blade of grass, twig, and tree, and caused them to bend to the Falls as if in worship of them, and all the while glittering in the sunbeams with exceeding splendour, while the cauldron boiling beneath, and sending up its seething cloud, above which water-fowl wildly careered,—under the influence of the thaw the icy glories began to vanish, and it was dangerous to pass under the cliffs where the great icicles hung, for an occasional crash would be

heard, and masses of ice, like pillars of alabaster, would be detached and fall, tons weight at a time, on the path below.

We walked towards the old Pavilion hotel, now the barracks of a party of the newly-embodied Royal Canadian Rifle Corps, composed of volunteers from various regiments stationed in this country. Their winter dress was comfortable and soldier-like; high and flat caps of black fur, grey great-coats, black belts, and long boots. We asked several men who had lately worn the red jacket, if they were pleased with their change of service, and they said they were quite happy and contented. A man, lately of my company, had married a wife with £100, had also joined a Temperance Society, and was doing well.

Returning to our hotel, we found there a marriage party just arrived, and on "pleasure bent," from St. Catherine's. Two sleighs, fastened together and drawn by four horses, contained about a score of blythe folk; they sat two and two, on Buffalo robes, a small brass band in front, boughs of pine decking the sides of the sleighs, and a blue ensign waving over the stern of the live-freighted craft.

We had choice of the best quarters in the hotel, which has very comfortable parlours, and beds with mattresses of wholesome horse-hair, quite a novelty in Canada generally, where the abominable feathers prevail; we had also good attendance of coloured waiters, excellent fare, and moderate charges.

As it is a soldier's duty to visit battle-ground whenever he is near it, the morning after our arrival at the Falls, I rose at dawn and proceeded with a medical friend to the scene of the combat of Lundy's Lane, fought during an eventful night, when the noise of the combat mingled with the thunders of Niagara. Moving up the gradual ascent to the hotly-contested crest of the hill, at the upper part of Drummondville, a splendid double rainbow spanned the heavens before us as the sun rose, and we saw the singular appearance of the long shadows of clouds projected on other clouds. A little man, of hale appearance, with a basket on his arm, joined us; we asked him how many houses were left of those which stood at the time of the fight. "Only these two old ones," said he, pointing to old frame houses on the left of the road. "Chryster's inn, which stood

there, was burnt by the sympathizers in 1837, when cleared out for a party of soldiers."

"Were you living here in the last American war?" we asked.

"Yes, and I fought on this ground, and served in the artillery; here, behind the crest of the rise extending right and left of it, was our line drawn up, facing the Falls; at these trees below, and on our right, the Americans first *hove* in sight; the Glengaries and other light infantry went off to skirmish with them in front, and we "fit" (fought) them after that all round the hill. The Americans had learned to fight well by this time, and we had hard work of it, but we kept our line; and next day the enemy went off, and burnt the Bridge of Chippewa, to prevent our following. We thought it unchristian-like in our General to order our dead to be burnt; but as he said it was the custom in Spain and Portugal, we fancied it was all right. There were about nine hundred dead bodies aside, and sixty horses; our men lie in two graves on that small square we have just passed, opposite the hospital near the churchyard."

Let the gallant deeds of the 89th Regiment

not be forgotten on this occasion. The American army, favoured by the darkness, had reached to the crest of the British position, and the Canadian militia were suffering severely, when the 89th opportunely arrived from the direction of Queenstown, in light marching order, left the road, crossed the fields and took the Americans in flank. The 21st U. S. Regiment, which had been before opposed to the 89th at Chrysters farm, called out, "Where is the bloody 89th?" "Here we are you beggars!" answered the 89th; and then threw in a murderous volley, which immediately turned the tide in favour of the British.

The table-land on which the British were drawn up, and through the centre of which the road runs, consists of cleared fields with scattered trees, a few new houses are by the roadside; in the distance and on the low grounds, are thick groves of ancient trees, behind which is seen, when the atmosphere is light, the vast pillar of cloud rising and waving above the cataract, whose deep voice also falls solemnly on the ear.

We returned to the churchyard, to read the epitaphs on the monuments of some gallant

officers who had fallen in action. We found three, one on stone, to the memory of Colonel Bishop, killed at Black Rock; and two, on wood, with these inscriptions:—

"To the memory of Lieutenant Thomas Andrew, 6th Regiment, who died in consequence of a wound received, when gallantly leading on his company before Fort Erie, September 17, 1814, aged twenty-six."

"Sacred to the memory of Lieutenant William Hemphill, Royal Scots, who bravely fell in the memorable Battle of Lundy's Lane, 25th July, 1814."

We were much displeased to observe that the two last monuments had been displaced from their proper positions, to make room for some other graves; but we immediately took steps to have them replaced over the honoured dead.

CHAPTER XII.

Peril of a resurrectionist—Dangerous predicament—Absurd occurrence at Bully's Acre—Rattle-snake fat—Manner of obtaining it—Cross the Niagara River—Pillars of ice—Scramble over the ice to Prospect Tower—The whirlpool—Bodies of Deserters—The Devil's Hole—Continue our journey—Accidents—Tricks on travellers—Smuggling—Wellington Square—Toronto—An assembly—The colleges—Terrestrial magnetism—The fight of Gallow's Hill—Winter dress of 83rd officers—Curling—Drumsnab—Leave Toronto—Summer and winter travelling—The Lake steamers—A wharf carried off—Talkers—Frosted silver—Hunting—Wooden bridges—Return to the city of stumps.

On our way back to our hotel, which we made longer by a detour towards the old Pavilion, our discourse fell on resurrectionists; and being in a gossiping humour, I shall here

give some of the perils which attended the study of medicine in Ireland twenty-five years ago.

"It was in Cork where I first attended a dissecting-room," said my friend, "and many an adventure we had, and much risk we ran to get the subjects at that time. Once we received a volley of balls when we had struck the first spade in the earth, and we fled for our lives over some sheds, having one of our party severely wounded through the arm. Another night, when I was accidentally prevented joining the resurrection party, one of the students was shot dead through the heart at the grave-side, and left there. But one of our ugliest adventures was this: three of us were one day in a boat at Cove, and we were rowed by a remarkably powerful man; the day was hot; he had taken off his shirt, and a finer development of muscle, larger arms, and a deeper chest, I never had seen before.

"Some time after this we heard that he had been drowned, and we determined to get this fine subject. We ascertained that he was buried in a very neatly kept churchyard, and close to a gravel-walk in it. We took a horse

with us from Cork at night, and commenced operations by throwing the earth on sheets we had brought with us, to keep the earth from the footpath. The grave was a very deep one, and it was long before we reached the body, and long before we got it out, being so heavy. At last we forced it into the sack; but the horse snorted and shied at it. The day was beginning to dawn, we had three miles to go; we thought we should never get it off, and that we must be discovered. At last, after a good hour's work, and by tying a handkerchief over the horse's eyes, we fixed the load on his back. We then filled up the grave carefully, and got safe to the dissecting-room.

"We congratulated ourselves on our prize," continued my friend, "and were proceeding with a careful dissection, when the first intimation we had that our theft had been discovered was by a noise in the street, and an immense mob collecting before the windows. Two of us immediately rushed below, and strongly barricaded the door with tables and forms; a third got away by the roof through an attic window, and brought the sheriff, the police, and two companies of soldiers for our

defence; sentries were then placed at the door. In the meantime we, inside, were not idle; we lowered the body through a trap-door into the cellar, cleaned up the room, spread a green cloth over the table, and then addressing the mob, who were still highly excited, declared that we would admit the relatives of the man to convince them that we had not got his body. His wife and others came in, searched all about and found nothing. They were interested in some anatomical preparations we had in various parts of the room, and were retiring satisfied of the truth of our statement, when as bad luck would have it, the wife discovered in a corner a basin covered with a napkin, which in our hurry we had forgot to put out of the way. She quickly removed the cloth, dashed her hand into the blood and water in the vessel, and drew forth a portion of the body, which had been reserved for a preparation. The Indian war whoop was nothing to the screech she uttered. We tried to pacify her, and to convince her that what she saw was no part of her late husband. She however knew better, and apparently on good grounds. After a great deal of difficulty we got her away, but she

would not part with her prize, and carried it off.

"Fearing that we might have a second visit from the mob, we now determined on burying the remains, and gave them for this purpose to our porter to take to a place some distance off, where we had been in the habit of disposing of the subjects after dissection; but either through carelessness, or the load being too heavy for him, instead of burying the dissected body, he threw it piece-meal from the sack into the river; reporting however that he had done as he had been ordered. Next day two of us in passing near the wharf saw a great crowd assembled, we joined it, and to our dismay discovered that the excited gaze of the people was directed to the trunk of the large body exposed in the mud by the ebb-tide.

"Hearing the people swear that they would collect these fragments next day, and parade them through the town, we stole off, resolved to be beforehand with them. Accordingly at midnight, four of us went to the river, but the tide was up, and we could do nothing; we then adjourned to a public house near, had supper, and put off the time till it was low water. At

three o'clock another and myself went into the deep mud,—the other two kept watch on the wharf,—by groping about, and ascertaining by the smell that we were picking up what we were in quest of, we at last collected all the portions in our sack. A watchman came down to see what our comrades on the wharf were about; they immediately seized his rattle, threw him down, and gagged him till we had got clear off: they then followed us at speed. Next day the people found nothing in the river though they dragged it very diligently, the tide having it was supposed, carried off the objects of their search to sea.

"Some time after, when we thought that the matter was passed over, I was standing for a minute at the window of a print-shop in a rather obscure part of the town which I had occasion to pass through, when I was nearly knocked off my legs by a tremendous blow on the side of the head from a kail-stalk, and the voice of the 'subject's' wife cried out 'that's for the bloody doctor.' I made off as fast as I could, as a mob might have made a subject of me in five minutes.

"Some of our resurrection adventures," added

my friend, "were of a more laughable character. Thus, once in going out to Bully's Acre, a well-known Irish cemetery, a raw hand was with us, who was also an arrant coward; we posted him at the top of the wall to look out whilst we opened a grave below, we had got out the body, when our friend, sitting quaking above us, called out: 'Oh! blur and ouns I see them coming,' and in his fright rolled off the wall and into the grave; the word was given to fill it up, and a dozen spadefuls of earth were hastily shovelled on him; we ran off and discovered that a cow had caused the alarm, and when we came back the rueful face of our friend was just emerging from under the mould."

Now better police regulations enable medical students to obtain unclaimed bodies at small costs, and without resorting to the expedients above detailed.

After breakfast at the Clifton, we visited Barnett's Museum; this was interesting, as he had collected there various eagles, gulls, owls and other birds which frequent the neighbourhood of the Falls. We saw also the Canadian lynx, porcupine, skunk, the beautiful cross-fox,

&c., also Niagara rattle-snakes. My respectable old friend, T. MacConnell, the trapper, told me, that he was in the habit of visiting Niagara for the purpose of killing the rattle-snakes for the sake of their fat, and that he has sometimes killed three hundred in a season, and thus:—he watched beside a ledge of rocks where their holes were, and stood behind a tree, club in hand, and with his legs cased in sheep skins with the wool on, to guard against bites. The snakes would come out cautiously to seek on account of food or to sun themselves, fearing to go far for their enemies, the pigs. The trapper would then rush forward and lay about him with his club, those which escaped to their holes he seized by the tail, and if they turned round and bit him in the hand, he would spit some snake-root (which he kept chewing in his mouth) on the wound, it frothed up and danger would cease. The dead snakes were then roasted, hung up by the tail, over a slow fire, and their fat collected, taking care there was no blood in it. The fat would sell for twelve dollars a bottle, and was considered of great value by the country people in cases of rheumatism and stiff joints.

One of the knees of the 'Caroline' steamer, cut out at Schlosser by the gallant Captain Drew, R.N. and his followers, in the rebellion, set fire too and turned adrift over the falls, is preserved in the museum—

'Dieu défend le droit.'

It being impossible to pass under the great fall at this time, from the quantities of ice on the rocks, we descended by the zigzag road, two hundred feet, to the ferry, keeping a look out for the immense pillars of ice which were falling from the rocks above us. The ferry-boat is very small in winter, and holds only three people besides the boatman, but we got in safety over the boiling and troubled sea in two trips. One of the boatmen told us he was once carried down in winter two miles to the first rapids, among masses of ice: he thought he must go down to the whirlpool; but by fighting hard he at last got to the shore.

The slippery ascent and the long stairs on the American side were trying for the ladies, and the spray from the great sheet of the American fall above gave us a wetting; but they reached the top bravely, crossed the bridge

spanning the boiling rapids to Goat Island, at the entrance to which there is a house for refreshment in summer, and the sale at all times of hickory-sticks, cut at the Falls, with a neatly carved eagle's head 'the banner bird of Columbia,' at the end of the crook. We waded through deep and soft snow, saw 'Morpeth 1842,' with other names, carved on a tree, and then reached the Terrapin rocks.

The Prospect Tower in the midst of the rapids, and at the brink of the great falls, had not been erected when I was here before. I thought now it might disclose some more sublime views of the great cataract at its foot than could be seen from the bank. Accordingly, I ran down to the Terrapin bridge leading to it; the bridge was narrow, much decayed (it was laid in 1827), the side rail was gone, and there was a convex surface of snow and ice on it. I got along it with considerable difficulty, sometimes upright, and sometimes (to get over holes) on my hands and knees. I reached the tower in safety over the roaring flood, and saw the cataract in its awful grandeur and irresistible power below. I took off my coat to get back, and was well pleased to rejoin my friends again,

as the icy covering of the bridge though two feet thick gave way under me twice from the effects of the thaw.

After our return to the British side, wet to the knees with snow water, a sleigh was hired to take three of us to the whirlpool and to General Brock's monument, now tottering to its fall, shattered from base to summit by the powder of the infamous sympathizer, Lett. "Is there any sympathizing now about the falls," we asked the sleigh driver.

"I guess not, they have to mind their own affairs now, and not trouble themselves with ours," answered he; "but we still look sharp out for our barns and stables being burned, by rascals who owe us a spite, and that keeps us from repairing our out-buildings, as we do not know how long they will be let alone. Just before you came in, a coach-shed fell at the hotel, below which your sleighs would have been put; it knocked off the back of a three hundred dollar coach, and hurt two others; the wood in some places looked as if it had been sawed through, to let the shed down when the thaw came."

The thaw made it a difficult matter to get

over the three miles to the whirlpool. At last, we reached the edge of the precipice overlooking the vast basin, encircled with beetling cliffs and trees, and looked down with wonder and awe on the foaming billows wildly rushing into the maelstrom of Niagara, where the great body of water writhed and circled in never-ending gyrations, apparently of immense depth. On our left, and as if rejoiced to escape from the terror-inspiring vortex, the glad waters rushed out in swift running currents, and sped on their course towards the tranquil sea of Ontario.

When trees, swept down by the flood, enter the whirlpool, the effect is most imposing. They are turned round in wild confusion, their branches rolling them from side to side, sometimes diving under the surface, and again with the roots in the air, thrust upwards from below as if with giant hands. The scene has been compared to wave warring with wave, and using the trees as immense war clubs. The year before the naked and swollen bodies of four deserters were seen for several days floating round, tossed about, and as if tormented by the waters of the whirlpool. Five soldiers of a regiment stationed at Drummondoilb had

deserted one night, and had essayed to swim across the strait below the ferry; four reached the opposite bank, but the fifth cried out that he was unable to stem the tide and was sinking; three, the best swimmers, returned to assist him, and they all perished. The man who escaped described the manner of their death.

Half a mile below the whirlpool is seen the dark and gloomy chasm in the rocky bank on the American side, the Devil's Hole, with the stream called the Bloody Run flowing into it. Here took place the fearful tragedy in 1759, when one hundred British regulars, escorting waggons with stores from Fort Niagara to Fort Schlosser, were surprised by a large party of Indians in the French interest, were shot and stabbed, and, with the waggons and horses, thrust over the precipice. Only two of the party escaped, one by the fleetness of his horse, another, a private soldier, being caught by his belt, and remaining suspended below a bush till nightfall. Relics of this catastrophe may yet be found, on diligent search being made below.

Darkness set in before we had time to reach

the crumbling mausoleum of the gallant Brock, now about to be replaced by an obelisk. Next day, the thaw still continuing, and the mist and vapour sometimes entirely concealing the falls, and sweeping over the hotel with a damp and chill cloud, we resolved to continue our journey before travelling on runners became quite impracticable. Paying our moderate bill of one dollar (four shillings) per day for each person, and half a dollar for each horse, we took the road to St. Catherine's. Three accidents, however, occurred to me before we reached it. In painfully ascending a hill running with water, a whipple tree broke; fortunately I was able to replace it at a farm-house near; after this, frost set in, and the horse in the shafts slipped into a ditch, and dragging the off horse over him, the two lay helpless in the ditch, half covered with mud, ice, and snow-water; the breaking of the shafts short off saved our being thrown with the sleigh on the top of the horses. After a great struggle, we got the shivering horses out, attached one to the sleigh, and proceeded at a walk, rendered painful by a sprained foot (which by the way brandy and

salt afterwards cured) to St. Catherine's, distant two miles.

This very thriving village, one of the boasts of Canada West, is on the Welland Canal, and four miles from where it enters Lake Ontario; excellent macadamized roads enter it, and it abounds in substantial stone and brick and framed buildings, and well-filled stores. But as the snow had entirely disappeared from the road in advance, mine host of the hotel where we tarried, in his professed desire to send us "snugly" on wheels in two waggons to Toronto, about eighty miles, or a couple of days' journey, seemed inclined in vulgar parlance "to take the measure of our foot," by asking thirty dollars for the trip; but we were at his mercy, and helpless, and he knew it. Usually in Canada West a farmer will take a traveller and his sleigh (when snow fails) in his waggon for two and a half dollars a day.

About the Niagara frontier there has been a great deal of smuggling of late years, and many otherwise respectable people became so accustomed to it, that apparently it was looked on by them as quite a venial offence, or as no

offence at all. Thus a partner of a highly respectable mercantile establishment in Canada West, told me that his house had recently received a business letter from another house on the border, offering to exchange £1000 worth of teas for £1000 worth of broad cloth; the teas were to be smuggled from, and the cloth into, the States; the proposal was rejected. The duties of several of the custom-houses on the border were also conducted in the most lax manner; for instance, very lately at one considerable town no account was kept of the amount of dues received, and only what it was convenient to remit was handed over to the Receiver General; in 1842, on a new collector being put in office, the amount of receipts increased fourfold.

Our three sleighs being lashed on the frame of a long lumber-waggon, ourselves following in an open car, and the servants riding and leading our horses, we left St. Catherine's in the midst of a crowd of spectators, possibly wondering at the folly of our pretending to take pleasure in travelling at this time of year; but "barrin" this transfer from runners to wheels, we had a great deal of pleasure on this excursion. We

travelled by the back road, as it is called, that is close along the shores of Lake Ontario; it began to freeze, and wheels became very dangerous in descending slopes of ice; but at last we reached in safety the village of Wellington Square, where a clean inn received us; here a great treat was the excellent fish caught all the winter in the Lake. At London, C. W., we hardly ever saw fish. Next morning, a thin sprinkling of snow covering the ground, the wheeled carriages returned from whence they came, and we resumed our sleighs; and though it rained plentifully all the way to Toronto, forty miles, we persevered, crossed the deep ravines of the twelve and the sixteen mile-creeks without accident, jumped out in descending, and stood on the runners of the sleigh, so as to form a drag, and walked up the opposite ascent. In a woful plight, and the tails of the horses reduced to one hair, we entered Toronto.

This, the late capital of Upper Canada, was still progressing very rapidly; the population was about sixteen thousand. Wide streets, bounded by high and substantial brick and frame houses, were constantly traversed at a

rapid rate by conveyances for business or pleasure; and pedestrians hurried along with the serious air of business on their brow: there seemed to be no idlers in Toronto. The stores were handsome, and well supplied with the necessaries and luxuries of civilized life. There was, on the whole, considerable movement, and the society was respectable, and noted for hospitality, which we most amply proved.

It is strange that in so gay and bustling a place, there should have been no public assembly room. The ball at which we were invited "to assist," took place at Stone's Hotel; there the rooms were new and clean, very well lighted with a profusion of spermaceti, but very hot and crowded, and so narrow that side seats could not be placed where the dancing took place. There were seventy-five young ladies "out" on this occasion, all well dressed and with pleasing manners. The uniforms of the Royal Artillery, 83rd regiment, and 93rd Highlanders, added brilliancy to the assembly, but at which nought save quadrilles, waltzes, and galoppes, was permitted. Country dances and reels, "more majorum," though seen in royal palaces, being voted decidedly vulgar in the colonies.

Next day, mounting horses, we rode about the environs of Toronto, and went to see the long and handsome avenue of the New College, bordered with trees and shrubs; the College was in course of being erected. The Upper Canada College, which has for some years been in existence, was not considered sufficient to carry on the students to the highest branches of education, and the New, or King's College, was required as a sort of Oxford or Cambridge to the other. It is confidently expected, from the high character and attainments of the Principal and Professors of King's College, carefully selected at home, without any local jobbing, that young men imbued with monarchical principles, and capable of holding the chief colonial appointments, will proceed from its halls. We examined the instruments at the Observatory, in charge of Lieutenants Lefroy and Younghusband, R.A., who were also conducting a series of observations on terrestrial magnetism, which is occupying so much of the attention of the scientific in different parts of the globe at present.

Then we visited the position of the rebels, under MacKenzie and others, at Montgomeries,

or Gallows Hill, a short distance north of Toronto, where they concentrated preparatory to attacking the city, and where also they were put to flight by the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Francis Head. The broad macadamized road, now called Young Street, leading to Lake Simcoe, crosses a bridge over the Don, a stream of some depth; on the west bank, the ground is high, broken, and well adapted to be occupied by skirmishers, who, with a barricaded bridge, and some guns, and the main body well handled, might have made a stout resistance in a good cause, especially as no regulars were opposed to them. But the Lieutenant-Governor, ably assisted by Colonels MacNab and MacGibbon, advancing up Young Street, with three thousand militia, and sending two flanking companies to the right and left, by a simultaneous attack with great guns and musketry, on the rebels' position, put them to flight, with a loss of forty men, the loyal party only losing three before the rebels broke, and fled to the woods. Two block houses, to contain forty-two men each, now occupy commanding ground on the Don, near Montgomerie's hill. They are double squares, the upper square placed across the

lower, so that the foot of the block house is defended by the fire above; but there are no ditches or palisades round these works, and for the one which I entered, on Young Street, water had to be brought from some distance; all this should, of course, be remedied if troubles again arose.

The late Colonel of the 83rd regiment had adopted a very serviceable and suitable undress for his officers in winter, so as to assimilate them to the grey great coats of the men. The officers of this regiment, instead of blue surtouts wore grey surtouts, with fur of the same colour on the collars and cuffs, and high grey caps. The hardy soldiers of the 93rd Highlanders wore, at Toronto, during the day, the red coatee, with trowsers and fur caps, and only put on the great coats on sentry in winter. From there being no barracks in Toronto capable of holding more than three hundred men, the two regiments were much scattered. It is hardly necessary to say that we experienced every civility and attention from our brother officers, partaking of their hospitality, and had the use of their sleighs and horses.

Ice boats, or sail boats, mounted on a large

pair of runners, with an iron rudder, used to be in fashion in the winter in Toronto, but I saw none on this occasion; however, I played a bonspeil, or match at the ancient Scottish game of curling, which was daily practised on a good *rink*, or course, of forty-two yards long, on the ice near the steam-boat landing. There, after the morning business had been finished, those fond of this manly exercise were brought together in social intercourse, and crampits on feet hurled their "channel stanes" with iron handles of thirty pounds and more in weight across the *hogscore* towards the *tee*, or circular goal marked on the ice, and with besoms, swept smooth the surface to help on the stone to a proper position. Such expressions as these would be continually heard, "Soop* it up! Soop it up!" "Just come through this port fornenst, my brum." "Come yer weys, and break an egg on this stane." "Oh! play gently, and lay yer stane on the pat lid!"

Round and round the curlers, skaters would whirl, and balance themselves gracefully on one limb, whilst a crowd of "small boys," more

Sweep.

impudent and independent than I have usually seen them, would drag their hand-sleighs, and slide on the edge of the curlers' rink.

Now our curling in Canada East is practised with iron "stones" of 56 lbs., from that up to 80 lbs., owing to the "glareness" of the ice; and as real stones are apt to break with the frost, iron is used instead.

The most picturesque spot near Toronto, and within four miles of it, is Drumsnab, the residence of Mr. Cailey. The mansion is roomy, and of one story, with a broad verandah. It is seated among fields and woods, at the edge of a slope; at the bottom winds a river; opposite is a most singular conical hill, like an immense Indian tumulus for the dead; in the distance, through a vista cut judiciously through the forest, are seen the dark blue waters of Lake Ontario. The walls of the principal room are covered with scenes from Faust, drawn in fresco, with a bold and masterly hand, by the proprietor.

On Sunday I attended the Scotch Kirk, where a recently appointed Minister, Mr. Bartlett, delivered an excellent discourse with clear enunciation and fervour.

Being obliged to decline invitations several days in advance, after an elegant entertainment at the Chief Justice's, at which many of the most distinguished of the city were present, we bid adieu to the friends who had so kindly received and hospitably lodged us: then our London party, with an agreeable addition to its number—Lieutenant D. Lysons, Royals—again mounted the travelling sleighs, and assisted by a recent fall of snow, we sped merrily on our way back (very kindly helped on a stage by sleighs of the 83rd officers). The state of the roads, however, was not sufficiently good to warrant our visiting, on this occasion, Guelph and Goderich, which we had intended to do before returning from whence we came.

There are many difficulties in travelling in winter, if there are occasional thaws; but in summer all goes on smoothly with the assistance of steam. Some of the steamers which ply on the great Lakes are splendid vessels, and safe when on the low-pressure principle. Their captains have a great pride in them, when, with handsomely painted sides, and shining with gilding, brasswork and varnish, and with new colours displayed, they dash out from their

wharfs into the broad lake. These men are very accommodating, and when hailed from the shore stop at wharfs however small, on the chance of assisting a passenger. Lately, on the first trip of one of these vessels, she was hailed when navigating in all her bravery from a wharf on which stood a man of rather *loafish* appearance, near some piles of fire-wood. The steamer immediately altered her course, and ranged up alongside of the wharf.

"What do you want?" said the Captain.

"Just to see your new boat," was the answer. "Want any cord wood?"

"Make fast the hawsers!" roared the Captain, they were accordingly made fast to the wharf. "Set on—go a-head!" and away went the wharf, cord-wood and all, into the lake, the *loafer* making his escape as fast as he could into the bush.

We slept at West Flamborough in a thriving district, where there are many German settlers, distinguished in winter by their heavy and substantial sleighs, their coarse broad-brimmed hats, grey great-coats, with capacious capes, and with beards on their chins. The women in very quaint low caps, and primitive-looking

dresses. Those we saw seemed a very silent people, but generally in the Canadas and States there is not much loquacity, there is too much "calculating" going on; however, sometimes great talkers are found. An American officer, noted in the army of the United States for his powers of talking, was once sent to a post where lived another fluent person: a friend visited the officer after some time, and asked him how he managed with the other talker, "He talks pretty considerable, certainly," answered he, "but when he spits I put in." There is a story, too, of a bet between an American and a Dutchman, who should talk the other out of breath; they were locked in a room all night, and in the morning the Dutchman was found on the floor just dead, and the American with strength left to whisper in his ear.

On the way by Paris to Woodstock, we passed through winter scenes of surpassing beauty. The landscape was undulating, and there were gentle hills on either hand, with orchards and masses of oak and pine; there had been a fog, and the vapour clinging to

and frozen on the branches, crusted them all over, and the trunks also with frosted-silver. The tops of the distant trees were concealed by a thin cloud of mist; some distance below us, on our left, was a black and wide-spread forest, to which we could see no limit. In these forests of Canada West, the deer are occasionally pursued on the principle of still-hunting, or moving noiselessly on their track in the snow; but as they both see and hear extremely well, if there is no wind, and the snow is not deep to fatigue the deer, still-hunting is profitless. A deer can hear a hunter, even in moccassins, four hundred yards it is said. Deer are not worth eating in winter, the best hunting is in September, when a couple of hunters, armed with their rifles, and mounted on ponies, followed by two or three good hounds, take to the bush, one by his knowledge of wood-craft, posts himself at a pass commonly used by the deer, the other makes a circuit with the dogs, rouses the game, which are easily shot as they pass by the first hunter, concealed behind a tree; but we shall discourse more of this hereafter. Wild turkeys are found about

Lake St. Clair and London, but not east of the latter; their plumage is dark, and resplendent with the metallic lustre.

At Paris there was a covered wooden bridge of considerable length, and with a double carriage-way, over the swift running Ouse, the scantling of the sides arranged as open trellis-work; though this looks well, yet it admits high winds to act with force on the roof, with danger of displacement. The generality of the wooden bridges for the plank roads already noticed, are without roofs, and of very simple though at the same time of solid construction.

The posts of the bridge are of different lengths, and 12 × 12 inches square, they are imbedded in the earth never less than 1½ feet, often more; between the posts there is 24 feet span; the plankway is 16 feet wide, with fenders and space for footpaths on each side; the handrails are 4 × 6, and 6 feet 3 inches high; the braces for ditto 4 × 6; the planks 3 inches thick, rest on stringers 8 × 12, and 25 feet long, these again on supporting beams 12 × 12, and 12 feet long, to prevent vibration: the cap 12 × 14 and 22 feet long; the

braces below this are 6 × 8, and of different length, governed by the length of the posts; the mud cill 12 × 12, and 21 feet long; the culverts, or drains for the plank roads, are strong wooden cases.

The second night from Toronto was slept at Woodstock. On the third day, after the four passengers in our largest sleigh had been tumbled out like bundles of clothes into the snow, in trying to pass another conveyance, we reached in safety "the city of stumps."

CHAPTER XIII.

A Ball—A carnival on sleighs—Excursion to Goderich —Meet with a surly traveller—The Bachelor and the Wolverine — Goderich on Lake Huron — German settlers—An escape from suffocation — The frozen mother and child—Dr. Dunlop—Fishing in winter—The frozen fisherman — Return to London — The 'Brigadier' leaves for England—Garrison theatricals —Grand military steeple chase—Deer hunting.

In February the Royals gave a ball to their friends in and about London in their mess-room; the anti-room, card-room, and staircase were admirably decorated and well lighted, under the direction of Lieutenant D. Lysons, an officer of great talent and taste. There was an excellent supper; all the arrangements were good, and on a liberal scale without extravagance.

On Shrove Tuesday, the young officers of the Sleigh Club held a sort of carnival. They dressed themselves out in fantastic attire: one as an astrologer in a high cap and black gown glittering with golden suns and stars; another as an old man, in a cocked hat and long cut clothes: two others as girls in caps; three in red masks and red blanket coats, and using an immense red speaking trumpet; two as bears in rough grecos; one as a lady on horseback, followed by a groom, &c., and so drove and rode about, much to their own amusement and the wonder of the peaceable inhabitants; but this sport excited the disgust of a Yankee who came out of a store, looked after the grotesque cavalcade, muttered between his teeth "b—y fools," and went in again.

In the beginning of March, being desirous of visiting the settlement of Goderich, on Lake Huron, belonging to the Canada Land Company, I mounted a sleigh, in company with Lieutenants Wetherall and Lysons of the Royals, and Dr. Young, R. A., followed by another sleigh, with two servants in it.

The road from London to Goderich, sixty miles long, is nearly straight the whole way,

the forest bounds it on each side, with here and there a clearing with one or more settlers, who are generally proprietors, living on good lands under the judicious system pursued by the Canada Company of selling their lands on moderate terms for cash, or leasing them for ten years, and allowing the tenant to purchase if he wish it, during the lease.

We had not sleighed many miles before we broke a whipple tree, but carrying with us an axe and a piece of cord, two very necessary things in travelling in a new country, we speedily cut and fitted a new stick, and continued our course, till we met with a second hindrance in the shape of a sturdy Scot. He was driving a sleigh in which was a boy, but refused to share the track equally with us, exclaiming, "I'll no get oot o' the rodd for no man. I know the law, I've given you plenty of the rodd."

We answered, "We don't care about the law here. There's no law in the bush. If you're not civil we'll make you, that's all;" but he would not move an inch, and defied us, whereupon Lysons and myself jumped out, and lifted sleigh, small boy and all, into the snow at

one side; the boy cried out, "Sleigh is going over, feyther!" We told him to take out his horse for a minute to prevent his sleigh going over, and that we would help him to put all to rights again. "I'll no louse the mere for ony o' ye," was the civil reply.

"But ye maun louze the mere!" we answered, and we did so ourselves and our sleighs passed.

"Be canny," he said.

"Now we'll put the mare in again," we answered.

"Never mind," cried he, "gae awa wi ye!"

Perhaps this man "who knew the law," was a west country radical, but this was not the only instance that was experienced of bad temper on the road in Canada. I know of instances of other low fellows who have driven in front of officers for miles, and gone perseveringly from side to side, to prevent their passing, until the patience of the travellers being completely wore out, they have jumped from their sleighs, and, as blood is superior to bulk, soundly thrashed the unmannered teamsters.

We passed over a long and stout wooden bridge called "Bayfield's Bridge," near it was

a small and lonely house of one story, and two windows and a door in front, inhabited by a son of the Bishop of Chichester; a small piece of land was cleared about it, and it was backed by high trees. The enterprising settler was not in single wretchedness there, for a young wife cheered the dwelling; but not many miles off a bachelor occupied a similar cabin, and he was sitting one night by his fire thinking, no doubt, of his dreary estate, when he was aroused by the cry of a female in distress near the door; he started up and ran outside, the cry then seemed to come from behind. Going there, he saw nothing; thinking that an evil spirit was tormenting him, he hastily retired into his house, and barred the door. Next day the track of a wolverine, or glutton,* whose cry is like that of a woman in distress, was found near the house, and a neighbour had lost a couple of sheep by the same animal.

We arrived at Goderich; this town occupies an elevated site at the mouth of the River Maitland, which sweeps round the town, expands into a basin with several islands, and

* Gulo luscus.

then flows into Lake Huron. The streets radiated from a centre octagon, and the houses were scattered along the streets, as if they had been cast out of the basket of a giant. The Court House was dignified with a cupola, and a church was being built; at this time there were eight hundred inhabitants in Goderich.

We pulled up at the British Hotel, then called on Mr. Mercer Jones, the resident Chief Commissioner of the Canada Company; both he and Mrs. Jones (a daughter of the Bishop of Toronto), were most affable and kind, and we dined with them in comfortable style. Ten years before this, when Mr. Jones came to Goderich, there were only three shanties or cabins in the Huron district; at the time of our first visit in 1843, there were nine thousand inhabitants, and in 1848 there were twenty thousand.

There were no half-pay officers in the Huron Tract, they had all gone to the Government lands, where, however, there was still a great want of roads. The German settlers were found to do very well under the Canada Company, when they first came to the Huron Tract in 1832, the year of the cholera; having no

money to buy land, they turned up the soil on the cleared sides of the roads, called the skirtings, among the stumps, there they sowed corn and planted potatoes. The officers of the Company did not disturb them, but encouraged them, and finally sold them land on credit.

When we went back to our inn, the landlord said, "I have made your rooms comfortable for you." Our rooms were mere closets, without fire-places or stoves, and to warm them a pan of live charcoal was placed in each, thus showing the blessed effects of ignorance. If we had shut our doors, and gone to sleep in this *comfortable* style, our next awakening would have been in eternity. There was a fire-place in the common sitting-room; on the floor of which we placed our mattresses, and passed the night, our general practice in travelling with a party in Canada.

Next day we visited the Penitentiary, which we found to be a well-constructed building, with courts for walking exercise, and many cells, each with a light over the door; but there being plenty of employment and little crime in the Huron tract, all the cells were empty, save

one, and that was occupied by no culprit, but by an unfortunate French-Canadian woman, to whom the following melancholy history was attached. In December she had left Sandwich on the river St. Clair in the skiff of a countryman, in order to visit some friends on the east shores of Lake Huron; a storm arose, the skiff was driven on shore, she was landed with her child in her arms, and directed by the boatman which way to proceed through the forest. She had not travelled far before she lost her way, and she was found, after being in the woods for three days, doubled up, and with her feet frozen; but to protect her child, she had taken off her hood to cover it, and her under petticoat, and had torn this last into slips and wrapped the child with it. The child was alive and well, and eating a piece of shanty cake (of coarse flour); but I believe that the poor mother, though carefully attended to by the humane people of Goderich, lost both her feet.

I walked across the Maitland Bridge above Goderich with the Rev. Mr. Campbell, admired the beautiful banks of the river, the wooded islands, &c., and then went to visit a

remarkable character, Dr. Dunlop, M. P. P., commonly called "Tiger Dunlop," from his exploits in India among wild beasts; he was author of "The Backwoodsman," was a contributor to Blackwood's Magazine, and was a man of extraordinary natural ability.

The Doctor's house, "Raven's Nest," was on a high bank of the Maitland, and in the distance was seen Goderich and the great Lake. His brother, who was a naval Captain, lay buried within a railed tomb in a field on the left of the house. In the kitchen the beams were garnished with hams; "a lass" was washing in a tub below them, and a pretty girl, Miss Stewart, and Mrs. Dunlop, the widow of the Captain, superintending domestic arrangements. The Doctor we found in the parlour, occupied in writing; he was a tall and robust man, with light hair, and was upwards of fifty years of age; he was dressed in dark grey. He informed us that he was engaged in writing his reminiscences of the American war of 1812, when he was in the 89th regiment. He read us a chapter of his work, which was highly amusing and characteristic of the author; but some of his anecdotes, though doubtless very

racy, would require pruning before meeting the public eye.

He too had been lost in the woods, when partridge shooting in winter, and had been wonderfully preserved; he walked to and fro in a small space in the snow till two in the morning, when he felt he must lie down; buttoning his coat close up, and pulling his cap over his eyes, he put on his fur mittens, and lying down, he made his dog lie over his face, and so slept; after sun-rise he awoke, and trying to walk, he found his feet were frozen stiff; accordingly he crawled a considerable distance through the forest till he got help, and he saved all his limbs, though with difficulty.

Returning to Goderich, I walked out on the ice of the lake for a considerable distance, and among the hummocks or hillocks of ice, I found a little boy conveying on a toboggin, or long light sleigh of bark, drawn by two dogs, some excellent lake salmon fresh caught; a few of these furnished a treat for our friends at London C. W.

Fishing on Lake Huron in winter is effected as elsewhere, by cutting holes in the ice (which extends some distance from the shore, but not

across such a great body of deep water), and watching beside these holes with hook and line. One poor man had lately met with a melancholy end in following the employment of a fisherman here; he had set some lines at night, next day it had come on to blow, and against advice he pushed a skiff over the ice towards his lines, and never came back alive; a man was seen running up and down on a cake of ice some distance from shore, but he disappeared in the drifting storm; the frozen body of the unfortunate fisherman was afterwords found in the water, hanging by the arms to the side of the skiff.

After a short and agreeable sojourn at Goderich, we returned to London, in time to witness the departure of our excellent Brigadier on leave for England, where he received from the Duke of Wellington the appointment of Deputy Adjutant General in Canada.

The men had collected in groups to see him off; the non-commissioned officers were anxious to salute him, the soldiers' wives were at the corners where he was expected to pass; but the parting was too trying a matter, and he gave us all the slip, by driving off with his

family by a back street, leaving behind him hundreds in tears.

In March and April there were garrison theatricals; among other plays "London Assurance" was very creditably got up. In May there was a grand military steeple-chase on the flats by the banks of the river. There were eighteen leaps in all, usually five feet three inches in height; over the snake fences there was one stiff post and rail, four feet eight inches, and another in and out of a field four and a half feet; the most interesting leap, and the point of attraction for the spectator, was the ditch of sixteen feet, and six feet deep.

The officers who entered their names for the steeple-chase were, Lieutenants Lysons, Royals; Windham, Royals; Romer, 14th; Anderson, 83rd; Paton, Royal Artillery; and Burnaby, Royal Engineers. The stewards were, Captain Davenport, Royals; Lieutenant Douglas, 14th; and Lieutenant Fisher, Royal Artillery. The chase was a dashing one; there were some heavy falls, two right into the ditch; but great courage and skill were displayed by the gentlemen sportsmen, of whom Lieutenant Lysons came in first, and Windham second, but the latter was declared

the victor, as Lieutenant Lysons had unfortunately lost weight in "his rapid career."*

Minor steeple-chases succeeded the above, skurry races, &c., and the time wore on till the hot summer, when it behoved the sportsmen to look after the deer.—

"When morning beams on the mountain streams,
Then merrily forth we go,
To follow the stag to the slippery crag,
Or to chase the bounding roe."

Xenophon, the celebrated warrior and historian, who was also a keen sportsman, thus gave his opinion of hunting. He says that it tends to make men hardy, both in body and mind, and thence to form the very best soldiers; the chase bearing a closer resemblance to war than any other amusement; that it habituates men to bear fatigue and the inclemencies of the weather, kindles their loftier feelings, awakes their courage, and nerves their limbs, which also from exercise become more pliant, agile and muscular; that it increases the powers of all the senses, keeps away careful or melancholy

* This steeple-chase was drawn by Lady Alexander, and published by Ackerman of Regent Street.

thoughts, and thus by promoting both mental and physical health, produces longevity, and retards the subduing effects of old age.

"Vive la chasse!" then, as a fitting recreation for soldiers, and if pursued in moderation, and without unnecessary cruelty to, or indiscriminate slaughter of the game animals, it is undoubtedly deserving of all the commendations accorded to it.

The true hunter is generally known by his bronzed complexion, his hands innocent of the tender kid-skin, his keen eye, his firm mouth, his independent air, and elastic step. Most military men are sportsmen more or less, and it is quite fitting that, released for a short season from the duties of their profession, they should be either pursuing their game on leathern or on horses' shoes, or by the banks "of the dark and silent streams."

We have now to treat of the slaying of deer in Western Canada, the land by adoption of thousands of Britain's hardy sons—a land favoured by nature in productiveness of soil, and in "water privileges" of the first order. Long may revolutionary principles be repudiated here, and the enterprising farmer and merchant,

with public burdens of the lightest description, duly appreciate and value the form of government, and the establishments under which they thrive.

The brown deer of North America, *Cervus Virginianus* of naturalists, is, like others of its tribe, most graceful in its motions, proceeding usually through the forests of its native haunts in light bounds; it is found from the shores of the great Lakes to those of the Gulf of Mexico. Its weight is a hundred pounds and upwards, and the prongs of the horns of the male point forwards in such a way, that it is difficult to conceive how it could make its way easily through woods that are at all entangled. But the haunts of this deer are unlike the interlaced vegetation between the tropics; and this beautiful denizen of the wilds is free to roam among the straight and light seeking stems of the pine, the beech, and the maple.

The long and handsome ears of the deer are for ever in motion, and alert to catch the smallest sound; its eyes are full, black, and swimming, the gazelle eyes of the Persian poets. These, with its well-shaped head, taper neck, and slender limbs, make it when tame an

especial pet with the fair sex. But, alas! for its peace! its venison amply rewards the hunter for his toils, who sallies forth to slay "a hart in grease," and a juicy haunch, smoking on an ample trencher, speedily overcomes all scruples about the propriety of looking for "what is good for food."

CHAPTER XIV.

Canadian woods in summer—Equip for a water hunt—The Canadian Thames—Scofield—The pitcher plant—Effects of gambling—Pixley the hunter—Prepare the canoes—Pole up the stream—Denizens of the forest—The red men—A black bear—The jack light—Glide down the stream by night—The deer in the water—Fight with a deer—The plague of flies in summer.

It was in "the glorious summer tide," when the forests of the Canadian Thames were clothed in their gorgeous foliage, when the sight was refreshed with the effects of light and shade on the landscape, with the green leaves of the trees, and the bright blossoms of the flowers in the open glades, when birds and insects were heard on every side, and when the face of

nature was redolent of beauty and happiness, that I mounted a waggon with four companions,* all equipped in shooting trim, with broad-brimmed summer hats and blouses, or light shooting-jackets, festooned with shot belts, or powder flasks, or horns, each grasping a shot gun or rifle, and bound for a "water hunt" among the Dorchester Pines,—

"The laughing blue-eyed morn
Called blushes to the cheek of every flower,
And as the zephyr breezes wandered on,
They left a chorus of sweet melody;
Each wood and wild had its inhabitants,
Which crouching lay within the cavern lair,
Or bounded o'er the new made velvet mead.

With a "rough and ready" span of horses, we drove rapidly, albeit with no inconsiderable bumping up the river, passing one of the curiosities of the western wilderness, in the course of formation, namely, a plank road, from the laying of which, for miles in various directions, centering in London, the garrison town for the

* Captain Anderton, 23rd R. W. Fusiliers, the Messrs. Deas, and Mr. Scofield,

defence of the shores of Lake Erie, the greatest advantages are expected to accrue to this New Country,

"Viret in æternum!"

The Thames of Canada is a clear and swift running river, flowing from the borders of the Gore District, over a gravelly and rocky bed, generally fordable above London, but with here and there deep pools, the haunts of the otter. Below Delaware the river is navigable, as it passes on through rich soil, and with steep banks to Lake St. Clair. At its mouth the land is low and marshy, and here is admirable wild-fowl shooting.

Among other finny inhabitants of the Thames, are the shad, pike, maskanongé (a fish of a large size and of good flavour, though of the pike family), and the sturgeon, the largest fish of the Western waters, several feet in length, slender but powerful, and covered with tubercles. One of our hunters had some time before signalized himself by riding on the back of a sturgeon, something in the manner of my sporting friend, Mr. Waterton, "the Wanderer in South America," on the back of

a crocodile. Scofield had struck his fish-spear into a large sturgeon, which immediately made off with it; he, like a real sportsman, threw himself out of the canoe, and held on by the spear, whilst the sturgeon, which he occasionally bestrode, carried him down the river; at last, tired and exhausted with the burden, in the midst of a great splashing and commotion, the sturgeon gave in.

At a way-side public-house we refreshed with beer and ginger-beer, with a lump of ice in the pleasant mixture.

The weather had been hot and favourable for the deer being found in the river, to which the musquitoes and flies in the woods drive them in the evenings, but now it threatened rain, and we knew if it fell, there would be an end of our sport, for then the deer find pools in the woods, and have no occasion to resort to the river.

Passing some clearings garnished with stumps, and enclosed with snake or zigzag fences, we entered the shade of the Dorchester pines, extending for several miles up the river. The red squirrel blithely chirupped, and nimbly climbed the resinous trunks — the scarlet

tanager, with its brilliant body and dark wings, flew across the road, from which rose flights of the beautiful little spring azure butterfly, chasing one another in circles, flitting over and alighting on the same spot which they had just quitted.

The pine woods on the Thames, and the oak plains, offer to the naturalist, in summer, a rich harvest in flowers, insects and birds. Among the plants is to be distinguished the rare and most curious Indian cup or pitcher plant (*Sarracenea Purpurea*), the leaves of which have their edges united together, so as to form a deep cup filled with water, distilled probably from the moss in which the plant is found. From the circle of the pitcher-leaves rises a stem, eighteen inches in height, and crowned with a circular leathery flower with five reddish petals.

The use of the water in the pitchers seems to be this (and it is, indeed, a singular arrangement of the great Creator) mosquitoes are reared therein, for they are seen to issue from the cups in numerous flights in spring, whilst to support them in their aquatic stage of life, the small bristles which line the inside

of the lip of the cup conduct flies into the watery receptacles, where they are drowned, and are then devoured by the young brood.

At the entrance of the "Pines," a man met us in a waggon, and one of the hunters said,

"That man has lost his eyesight with gambling."

"How so?" inquired one of my companions.

"It was thus. He had a good farm which he neglected, to engage constantly in gambling. On one occasion he had sat up eight days and nights consecutively, and he won another man's farm, house, cattle, and *a steamboat*; but he became stone-blind from exhaustion, and is now partially recovered, only sufficient to allow him to drive a waggon!"

What a warning this is to those who waste their nights in changing with each other pieces of painted pasteboard!

The hunter Pixley's place was at last reached, after a "rattling drive" of fourteen miles. On the left of the road, and backed by tall pines, was a comfortable block-house. On one side was a waggon, on the other a well,

with the usual lever balanced on a pole to raise the bucket. A log canoe was in front, and on the other side of the road was a commodious barn. Before the door, four men in their shirt-sleeves played at quoits with horse-shoes. Pixley himself stepped forward to welcome us. He was a picture of manhood, five feet ten inches in height, stout, with black hair and whiskers, unembarrassed, but modest and civil withal; his "rig" a low broad-brimmed white hat, dark vest, and moleskin trowsers.

At the door was the tidy wife, about whom clustered five healthy children. "We must go back again to town," said she, "for the sake of the children."

"Nothing else would take me there," said the hunter. "I tried to stay in the town before, and I couldn't; I'm never happier than in the woods."

"What game have you in the woods?" was asked.

"Bears, racoons, wolves, deer, and sometimes a lynx is seen. I killed a lynx here last fall."

Till the mid-day's repast was ready, we practised with our rifles at a mark, a patch of clay

on a beech-tree. Pixley's bullet struck within an inch of this every shot. His brother, James Pixley, was also a prime shot, and with the keenest eye for game tracks. The hunter's meal consisted of slices of salt pork, mashed potatoes, good bread and cheese, raspberries from "the clearing," and cream; the whole washed down with tea or brandy-and-water, according to the taste of the chasseurs.

Short pipes and cigars being duly lighted, we set about preparing the "jack-light" for our water hunt. A blackened board, with a small shelf to it, was stuck up in the fore part of the canoe; on the shelf were four large nails to support the light, which was composed of hard tallow with a large wick. Putting ash-poles and paddles into the canoe, six stout fellows "tackled to," and dragged it through the bush to the bank of the river behind the house. Here we found another twenty-feet canoe, and seven of us disposing of ourselves in the two, some standing up with the poles, and others with paddles, we pushed out into the swift stream.

The banks of the Thames were here quite uncut and uncleared, descending gently towards

the water, and clothed with oak and the broad leaves of the maple; behind these towered the pines. As we poled up stream in our shirt sleeves and trowsers, with a warm jacket at hand for night-work, we saw herons flapping their broad wings as they wended their way up the river before us; then wild ducks would be descried in a pool, and making for the shore at the approach of the canoes, before we had time to scatter them with No. 4; then a racoon, with its bushy tail, would be seen scrambling about the trunk of a tree; red-headed woodpeckers, supporting themselves with their strong feet and short, rigid tails, would hammer away merrily with their powerful wedge-shaped beaks, at the decayed stems, and with their barbed tongues, draw out from its concealment the sluggish grub; the grey and white kingfisher watched on a branch for its prey in the water beneath; and then a musk-rat would swim across, steering itself with its broad black tail; sometimes they attempted concealment in the water, by attaching themselves to a green branch; whilst over head would float in mid-air a noble bald-headed eagle.

Such were the denizens of the forest and flood which we saw in our progress of ten miles against the swift current and rapids, with occasional deep and still pools. In the stony and gravelly bed of the river, waved aquatic plants, or "eel-grass;" some specimens resembled moss, others myrtle-leaves, and a third sort, soft cucumbers. These plants, for the support and concealment of fishes, are also eaten by the deer during the night season.

"You see," said Pixley, "this flat, formerly cleared, and about five acres in extent, this is called the Racoon Flat. Here, forty years ago, when I was a child, the Indians grew their maize. We will pass presently the Maskanongé Flats, and one or two more, but the Indians have all abandoned these now, though they still come about here to fish and hunt."

The red men who wander about this part of Canada, wear the blanket coat, winter and summer, and a piece of printed cotton twisted round their long black locks, like a loose turban; their legs are cased in blue or crimson leggings. The women wear the blanket wrapped round them from the head to the heel, and are usually

seen about the towns and villages, with baskets of stained split wood, or light brooms, for sale.

We poled with difficulty up a rapid, where, a short time before, Pixley and two hunters had, in descending, been upset against a tree which lay in the water, and their blanket-coats, hats and guns tumbled into the stream. After ten miles of hard work, we landed at sunset, at a rude bridge, refreshed at a gushing fountain, and collecting some chips and dry wood, soon "built up a fire," and sat round it telling stories, till the night was sufficiently advanced to light the "jack."

The black bear of Canada, when it attacks, first hugs and then claws down with its hind feet the breast and belly of its victim. Thus Pixley's father one day heard a cry of distress near his house; he rushed out with his gun, and saw an Indian on the ground, with his stomach ripped up, and a bear gnawing at his wrists and ancles. On Old Pixley's approach, the bear took to a tree, and looked down over a crutch; the hunter told the Indian to fire, but he could not revenge himself, he was so weak. Pixley then lodged a ball between the eyes of

the bear and dropped him; then carried the Indian to his camp, but he died the same night.

Filling the bottom of the canoe with rushes, to form a comfortable seat, one canoe lighted up and paddled off noiselessly, the other followed at a considerable interval.

The night was quite calm, which was favourable for the jack-light. It appeared like a bright star on the water, whilst the board behind it threw the canoe and the hunters completely into shade. The deer, as they stand up to their knees in the water, occasionally dashing a little over themselves with their feet to clear away the buzzing musquitoes, lift their heads from grazing on the aquatic grass, and gaze with curiosity on the light till it is quite close to them, that is, within twelve or twenty yards, when the crack of the rifle at once ends their fatal curiosity.

Fire-flies sparkled past us, and glanced among the trees like the eastern "Feast of lanterns;" no sounds were heard but the rippling of the water over the stones, the occasional whip-poor-will and the deep bass of the bull-frogs trumpeting forth their serenade. Presently the

boom of a distant gun comes up the stream, and we hope for success to our comrades; musquitoes in myriads fly out from the bush, and play round and dash into our light, so as almost to extinguish it—they looked like a moving halo round it.

Pixley, dipping his paddle into the water, under the jack, was observed quietly to let it slip out of his hands, and it floated away astern; he lifted his rifle and pointed towards the left bank of the river; our rifles were immediately cocked without a word being uttered, and the steersman directed the bow towards two greyish objects in the water; a sharp volley awoke the echoes of the river, a splashing was heard with loud breathing; we dash towards the land, then sprang from the canoe among the reeds, and lighting pine-chips, searched for the traces of blood. They were soon perceived on the blades of grass and on the bushes; a mortal wound had been inflicted, from the frothy appearance of the blood, but the wood was too dense to track it in the dark. Next day, however, a clever terrier, "Captain," followed the trail, drove a fine large buck into the water, where it strove with him for half an hour, when two

sawyers, who were engaged at a log near the scene of conflict, put an end to it by smiting our deer on the head with a stone.

This was the result of our first "water hunt," or manner of killing deer in the dog days. On another occasion, near the same spot, the first hunter's piece missed fire, the second's, (Mr. Dea's, the son of the intrepid Hudson's Bay traveller,) took effect. The first hunter then jumped into the water and seized the wounded buck by the horns, the third hunter drew his knife to cut its throat, when, with its hind leg, it knocked him nine yards off, and under water; recovering himself, but losing his knife, the three hunters fought with the sturdy beast for twenty minutes; at last, wet to the skin, they tired him out, got his head under water, and drowned him.

After a sound sleep on our straw couches, we rose with the sun, and refreshed with a bucket of water poured over our heads in the open air, then walked off into the woods, on a "still hunt," after the deer again.

The still hunt is merely walking noiselessly through the forest, keeping a bright look-out, and searching for deer in the haunts where they

are wont to browze in the day time. A breeze is favourable for the still hunt, as it prevents the step of the hunter from being heard.

Where the trees had been hewn down, there were plentiful crops of raspberries, which are greedily eaten by the bears; the mandrake, of mysterious properties, spread its broad leaf at our feet, and the ruby-throated humming bird was observed glittering in the sun, with green and gold coat, now darting through the air like an arrow, or starting and hovering in front of the flowers of balm or clover, like the motions of a dragon fly. I secured a specimen of this strange summer visitant to Canada, and kept it alive for some time by giving it syrup from the corolla of a flower.*

From these "snatches" of the natural history of this forest, it will be seen that it possesses much interest for the lover of nature. A beautiful collection of bright plumaged birds may be made in summer on the banks of the Canadian Thames, and here, instead of feeling dull during

* It is said that an Irishman, newly arrived, and anxious to secure a humming-bird, caught a large bee instead; it stung him, when he cried out, "Holy Moses! how hot its little fut is!"

a *short* sojourn, we may exclaim with the poet :—

"'Tis nought to me,
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, or in the city full,
And where he vital breathes, there must be joy."

But to make long tarry in the woods of British North America, in the hot months of June, July, and August, requires considerable power of endurance, a deep sense of duty, and an object of much greater importance than that of hunting, to enable one to "hold out," as shall afterwards be detailed.

Lumberers and Indians then flee the woods, they are so close, and so infested with poisonous flies and mosquitoes. The lumberer fells and squares his timber in the winter, and "drives" it down the streams on the melting of the snow and ice. The Indians frequent the sea coast in summer, and thus escape the plague of flies.

CHAPTER XV.

Summer excursion to Goderich—The new pier—Fishing—Visit Mr. Sheriff Hindman—Excursion to the Falls of the Thames—Canadian whisky—Pass the night in a cock-loft—Contemplate an extensive expedition—A sudden route and its expensive consequences—Volunteer for Court-martial duty—Journey to Hamilton—The Niagara host—The Court-martial—The U.S. Fort Niagara—Good feeling between American and British officers—Stories of American duels—Brock's monument—Return to Hamilton—Netherwood—Excursion up the Niagara River—Fort Erie—Buffalo—Visit an American barrack—A boot story—A British Patriot—Reach Kingston—Amherstburgh—Penetanguishine.

DESIRING to see the shores of the broad Lake Huron in summer, I drove off towards Goderich with Lady Alexander and Lieutenant Patton, R.A., in a light waggon, in the month

of August. We passed through the parallel foliage of the long straight road and crossed the Sable river, which a man told us we should find "teetotally dry," and it was so.

At Goderich an attempt was being made, by means of pile driving, to get all the streams at the mouth of the Maitland River directed into one channel, so as to deepen the entrance of the river; a pier was in progress, of one thousand feet; on the bar there was nine feet of water, and inside twenty-three.

I tried fishing in the river, and caught bass, pickerell, and rock bass, but on the Lake, from a boat, there was no success; the water was too barren. The Canadian voyageurs whom I took out with me, said the fish were now in deep water, in parts of the Lake where the depth is nine hundred feet, also high up the rivers at this hot season, and under the shade of the trees. Salmon have been caught in Lake Huron from fifty to seventy pounds weight, and sturgeon six feet long. There were also rumours of strange fish, of monstrous size, which had been occasionally seen in this great inland sea, like every Scottish lake or stream, having its water bull or kelpie.

We visited Mr. Sheriff Hindman's place in the woods, a large T shaped house. Mr. Hindman had been Clerk of the House of Lords, and now found himself buried, as it were, in the Canadian forest, though he had the solace of an agreeable family about him, and a large library of books. Poor man! since the time I speak of "he has been called hence," after a short illness; his house was afterwards destroyed by fire, and his family scattered!

The road to Mr. Hindman's was of the worst description, yet excusable in a new country. It was a worn out corduroy of parallel logs; large holes occurred at short intervals, which made it very unsafe for wheels, the body of Mr. Jones's carriage being placed in a waggon without springs for safety, occasioned the most terrific jolting. and not a few exclamations from the ladies inside.

The next evening we proceeded to the shores of the Lake to watch a very glorious sunset for which Lake Huron is famous in the Western Country, and which I leave to the reader's imagination.

After various accidents by the way, common in new countries, breaking of cross-bars, horses

getting their feet through wooden bridges, &c., we returned to London.

Subsequently to this I went on a fishing excursion with my friend Captain Dwyer of the 14th Regiment to the Falls of the Thames, as Falls rather misnamed, being a mere rapid. Yet the surrounding country was beautiful and worth seeing, it was as yet, very partially settled and the woods were in all their native luxuriance.

After various difficulties encountered in finding our way to the 'Falls' getting with our horses into 'slashes' or parts of the forest cut down, but still encumbered with the felled timber, jumping over logs, falling through corduroy roads, &c., we at last reached the small wooden hostel of Reuben Martin. Here our breakfast consisted of beef and mutton, bread, butter, and tea.

We wandered through the woods and along the stream with what the people called our fish-poles, but had little sport, as it was still hot summer weather, and the fish lay in cool holes beyond our reach. We saw a few partridges: we also met a lusty fellow in a forest road with a keg of whisky slung round him, who called to

us 'Come boys and have some grog, I'm what you call a canuck :' a (Canadian). This Canadian whisky is a great curse to the country: our landlord said that though there were only six houses in the hamlet at the Falls of the Thames, a barrel of thirty gallons was drunk at his house every week.

In the evening our host, Reuben, was anxious to have his picture taken in company with his favourite dog 'Buff' and placing himself and dog in position before me, and at some distance from his door, he called out "Now, Sir, draw your draft." At night we slept clean and comfortably in a cock-loft, to which we ascended by a ladder. It being evident that fishing in the Forest in summer was a mistake, we returned from whence we came.

My next contemplated expedition was on a rather extensive scale. I had obtained leave, and Lady Alexander and myself had our light baggage all packed on the 10th of September and ready to start on a six weeks' cruise in the West, previous to encountering another long winter. Our intention was to go down the Thames to Detroit, thence to visit the charming Island of Michilimakinack or Mackinaw, cele-

brated in Indian warfare, the Falls of St. Mary, where the water of the chief of American lakes pour into Lake Huron, and where the white fish are abundant and delicious, take a short cruise on Lake Superior, its shores rich with mineral wealth and its scenery of a wild and rugged character, return by Mackinaw and steam down Lake Michigan to Chicago, thence in a waggon find oneself in a day on the broad prairies, and among the upper branches of the Mississippi, the Rock River, &c., where the prairie hen abounds, the blue crane lifts its tall and graceful form, and the pelican of the wilderness is seen ; return to Chicago, cross the State of Michigan to Detroit, and so home again by Port Stanley.

All this was very pleasant to contemplate, but alas! for human hopes and the glorious uncertainty of military life, on the 12th of September, when we had fully believed we were to winter in the Canadian London, and had provided accordingly, having made our house comfortable and laid out a garden, &c., for the ensuing spring, an order came, that the regiment was to proceed to garrison Kingston, and that the first division to which

I belonged was to march on the morning of the 15th September.

Those "who live at home at ease" may fancy the loss and trouble arising from a sudden route of the above nature to a family, however small it may be. In our case there was no remedy; there was first an end of our lake and prairie excursion; and next there was to be the immediate disposal of our effects, all except our clothes and books. Furniture, piano, crockery, glass, pots and pans, all had to come to the hammer, the expense of transport and the risk of breakages being so great.

There was no time to advertise a sale; the only thing to be done was to send for an auctioneer, to divide all my moveables into lots, carry them out into the garden, and send round the black Bellman, (commonly called General Brown, as he wore the cast-off cap, surtout, and sash of our late brigadier) to announce a sale on the following day. Next day our geraniums and hollyhocks were trodden down by those who came in and carried off good bargains. Altogether I was about £40

out of pocket by this hurried move. Matters are differently managed now, and regiments remain two years at one place in Canada, instead of one year or fifteen months, and there are no sudden moves in "the Fall."

After collecting and settling all bills, I volunteered to go on Court Martial duty to Niagara, instead of another officer who had been detailed for this. The great bustle of the packing up, and the start of the heavy baggage in charge of my soldier servant being over, I placed my family in our light open carriage, and with a pair of fresh horses, drove off, casting care to the winds, though not without regret at leaving some kind friends in London.

The roads were occasionally very heavy, we had not the advantage of the plank or macadamized roads which are now on this line, yet we got on pleasantly to Ingersoll, twenty-five miles, where we baited; but, it becoming dark before we reached Woodstock, we had a narrow escape from upsetting between a new and old road. Hill's Inn received us, and next morning we breakfasted at Lewis

Charles, slept at Brantford, and the following day reached cheerful and thriving Hamilton, on Burlington Bay.

Here my esteemed friends, Captain and Mrs. Douglas, received us; I had also the great satisfaction of welcoming to Canada a brother-in-law, Mr. James Colquhoun, a barrister of the Middle Temple, and my eldest sister his wife.

Sir Allan MacNab, of Dundurn, evinced his usual hospitality, and, leaving my family at Hamilton for a short season, I proceeded by steam to Niagara, meeting on board a Scotch gentleman, the Honourable Mr. Ferguson, of Woodhill, the father of some stalwart sons, on whose account he has emigrated to Canada. Mr. Ferguson is eminent as an agriculturist, and is a man of general intelligence and activity.

At Niagara I put up at an inn kept by a Borderer with one eye. "Can I get a room?" I inquired.

"I don't think so, Sir," he answered; "but I'm building wan, Sir, and it will be ready at eight o'clock, but ye maun pit up without a door." Accordingly, in the evening I did get

possession of my new room, but I was in some jeopardy about the new plaster, against which if one had incautiously rolled during the night, the accident which befel certain topers, as recorded by Sir Jonah Barrington, might have been repeated; I might have stuck fast by my hair to the wall.

It is always a very painful duty to try an officer, especially an old one. This we had to do on the present occasion. The crime was for leaving his post at Fort Mississagua, the British Fort at Niagara, when Captain of the day, and not returning till two days after: also for sending his servant to tell the sergeant of the guard, to put him down as having visited the guard at half past ten o'clock, P.M., when he was actually conducting a certain frail person to Buffalo in the States opposite. Alas! what follies will not men commit influenced by the petticoat! The whole of this resulted in our being obliged to find the prisoner guilty, and he was constrained to leave the service.

I visited Fort Niagara, over which a very broad American ensign was floating. The fort is situated on a point of land having on one side the water of the Niagara River, on

the other Lake Ontario. The peninsula between them is guarded by works which date from 1685, when Fort Niagara was constructed by the French, under the direction of the Marquis de Denonville. This was at a time when fierce war was waged with the Indians for the possession of the country, and for the establishment of the fur trade. Fort Niagara fell to Sir William Johnston and his Indians in 1759; becoming afterwards a possession of the United States, it was surprised and carried by General Murray in 1813, with four hundred prisoners, and a large quantity of arms and stores.

It had for sometime been surmised that the American commandant and garrison were negligent. Sir Allen MacNab, then a youth and full of enterprise, paddled over in a canoe, reconnoitred the Fort, and ascertained the true state of affairs. Boats were carried from the Four Mile Creek inland, and launched in the Niagara River.

The British force noiselessly embarked, the correct pass word was given to the first sentry, which had been obtained from a prisoner; the gate was passed without opposition, and

the guard was found playing at cards, unconscious of danger. It is said that an American soldier, inquiring what were trumps, a voice behind answered "British Grenadiers!" when a short and severe struggle ensued, resulting in the substitution of the British ensign for the stars and stripes. At the peace, the fort was reluctantly given up.

The works consisted of the usual curtains and bastions, enclosing a considerable area, in which stood a large French house occupied by the officers; there were barracks for the men, store houses, two block houses of brick, with roofs removable in case of siege, and a new furnace for heating shot. There are also galleries and mines which are not shown. The American officers were very civil to us when we visited their fort, and two of them, Lieutenant Mackinsley and Cawley, came over and dined with us at the hospitable table of Lieutenant Moody, R.E., whose sole aim here, and elsewhere, was to promote good feeling between all those he came in contact with.

As far as I have seen of late years, there has been an excellent understanding between American officers of the regular army, and the

British officers; they seem to vie with each other in politeness; however, some Americans of rank, without any apparent good reason, still seem to bear to us the most unmitigated and unchristian hatred. When war takes place, it is then considered proper to kill and slay, but what an account have they not to render, who let no opportunity slip to stir up strife, and who try, also, to induce other nations to commence a contest with us, and all to gratify their own savage disposition: surely the end of such men cannot be "peace."

This leads one to treat of the practise of duelling, which, though wearing out in England, and now against "the Articles of War" in the British army, still occurs among the Americans in the west, with sometimes dreadful peculiarities in the manner of conducting it: thus a General and an Ensign quarrelled at an hotel, and it was determined that they should fight in a room in the dark, and be armed with pistols and bowie knives; they were accordingly turned in, whilst others interested in the fray, remained outside at the bar, to bet on the winner. At first there was a noise in the room, but after a time, and when all seemed to be

quiet, the door was opened, and the General was found dead under the table.

There was a singular history of a duel between a General Read and a lawyer named Alston: they had quarrelled, and the lawyer had slapped the General's face. Of course, they must fight, and the matter being public many people, in carriages and on foot, went to witness the encounter. The betting was in favour of the lawyer, for the General was stout. The combatants were placed back to back, some distance from each other, and in a diameter of eighteen inches, they were to turn and fire between the numbers 1 and 7 counted by a second.

Mr. Alston having practised turning and firing, delivered his fire first, but missed, the General then raised his pistol, his second called out it was not cocked; it was lowered and cocked, and on its discharge the lawyer fell dead, though he had made so sure of his man, that he had provided lunch for a hundred people.

His body was taken home, and when it was placed on the floor it rolled over, and the fatal ball fell out. His wife took it up, and made his

brother swear that he would kill the General with it. Providing himself accordingly with pistols and a knife, he attacked the General one day in a bar-room, but was turned out without effecting his purpose. He then provided himself with a double-barrelled gun, watched the General as he walked up the street with the Governor of the State, and shot him through the back. The murderer then, as is their phrase, 'cleared out' for Texas, and was himself shot by the Indians.

With some of the members of the Court-Martial, I wandered to Queenston Heights, the scene of the death of the brave Sir Isaac Brock, and of a successful fight over the American invaders of the British territory. The tall pillar over Brock's grave, and that of his aide-de-camp Colonel Macdonald still stood, shattered with gun-powder, and a monument of a 'sympathizer's hate.' Subscriptions to the amount of £4000 sterling had been raised to restore it, towards which in 1848 nothing had been done. I was glad to see that the disgraceful proceedings of the sympathizer Lett had not met with the approbation of his countrymen, for I

found written on one of the stones 'may the man who destroyed the memorial of a fallen foe be tortured with the hell of conscience here, and the hell of flames hereafter.'

Returning to Hamilton by steam, till the result of the proceedings of the Court-Martial were known from head-quarters, I went with my brother-in-law twenty-five miles to Galt, to examine a property for sale in the neighbourhood, in Dumfries, abounding in good land. We found the place all that was desired, partly cleared and the wood on it oak, elm, maple and a little cedar: there was a house and out-houses, and a brawling stream ran through the land. A purchase was effected first two hundred acres, and then one hundred more were added; the place is called Netherwood. The house (which has been enlarged and provided with spacious verandahs) and grounds, are much admired for the excellent order in which they are kept.

These beautiful lines of the Scotch poet Drummond are recalled to mind whilst contemplating a rural retirement such as Netherwood now presents—

"Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clam'rous world doth live his own,
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love;
Oh! how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a Prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do th' evil approve?
Oh! how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalmed, which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath.
How sweet are streams to poison drunk in gold?
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights,
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights."

Returning to Hamilton, I took my small family in our light carriage a pleasant excursion, which occupied several days, up one side of the Niagara River and down the other. The man servant had, as I said, gone with the baggage, and it was necessary for me to watch carefully the horses at the inns, especially when I say, that since my early training in the East, being partial to long and handsome manes and tails, I found a villanous hostler at St. Catherine's currying these useful appendages instead of combing them.

At Queenstone we saw a specimen of 'a slave

of the pipe,' a young man sitting at the inn door, who was diligently smoking a large meerschaum, whilst by his side lay a clay pipe and a bundle of cigars, so that he might vary his mode of ruining his health and looks, during his dreamy afternoon.

We contemplated for a time the vast whirlpool three miles below the Falls of Niagara with its surrounding crags and woods, the great body of water rushing with noisy impetuosity into the great basin of unknown depth, then circling majestically round with occasional whirling eddies, and bearing on its bosom large trees which looked like mere branches; these were sometimes carried under and rose again at some distance, till coming within the influence of the escaping torrent, they were borne down to Lake Ontario. Particular eddies being avoided, it might be possible to pass round the whirlpool in a boat without being submerged. It would afford intense excitement, and probably it will be some day attempted; such is the desire of some men for distinction in the wildest enterprizes.

At the Clifton Hotel at the Falls, the charges were now excessive for the country; one would

hardly expect that with opposition so near, the proprietor would have asked eight dollars for a day for three grown people, a young child, and a pair of horses; but there, as elsewhere, it is well to have a clear understanding what is to be the demand, so as to prevent a disagreeable surprise when the bill is made out. It is advisable to avoid having one's equanimity disturbed by trifles: the loss of temper should be reserved for grand occasions.

We continued our progress by Waterloo towards Fort Erie, passing over battle-ground nearly the whole way, where constant fighting and skirmishing had taken place in the late war, and where the soil was enriched with human gore. The extensive but now ruined works of Fort Erie, were of earth, the curtains were fifty yards in length, with four bastions at the angles, a flêche to guard the gate of the inner fort, which was a loop-holed parallelogram of stone. The great loss of life which took place in and about Fort Erie, its various captures, the desperate sorties from its walls, and all the scenes of strife of which it was the witness, caused one to contemplate the picture of desolation which it now presented, where

"the thistle waved its lonely head, the moss whistled in the wind," with feelings of the most melancholy interest.

A pleasant story is told of a Quaker, who lived near Fort Erie: one day he discovered concealed in his barn a party of armed Americans, who doubtless intended mischief at night. He immediately went to the post of the nearest officer, and said to him, "I am a man of peace, and thee knowest it; there are some armed villains lying in my barn, and a coal would do it no harm." But the marauders were secured without the application of "the coal."

We crossed over into the States, and to the thriving and bustling Port of Buffalo, with its numerous signs, awnings over the side-walks, and empty boxes, which had contained goods, encumbering the same; traders are fond of this foolish display, which is attended, however, with the most serious inconvenience to pedestrians; but as it is "a land of liberty," the police, if any there are, do not seem inclined to interfere. At the American Hotel, we became acquainted with a pleasant and intelligent officer, Captain Williams, of the Topographical

Engineers, since then, to our great regret, slain in Mexico. He was in high health and spirits when we saw him, and having a considerable taste for painting, his room was decorated with some very creditable productions of his easel.

Captain Williams drove us in a carriage about the town, and showed us the substantial pier and breakwater in course of construction, and of which he had the superintendance. He also took us to the Barracks, where there was a large area enclosed. The 2nd Regiment occupied them, under the command of Colonel Riley, who told me that he turned out every morning at *réveillé*, when he expected an officer "per company" to attend him in going his rounds.

In walking through the barrack-rooms, I remarked that the men were well provided with good breakfast and dinner crockery, that the messes were good, with plenty of vegetables; but that the sleeping arrangements were still on the old and bad plan—wooden bedsteads of two tiers, four men occupying these, two in one bed. The kits, or necessaries of the men, were so closely packed in their knapsacks, that they apparently required a paper-folder to accom-

plish it; a new and flat pouch held only twenty-six cartridges; the musket was the long and light French one. In the canteen there was no liquor sold; this is as it ought to be, but there was a regular store of goods and groceries; there were also gardens for the men. I saw many defaulters in a "dry-room," and as only a few picked men, as they are termed, are allowed to go out of barracks, from fear of desertion, I do not think the life of a soldier in the American regular army, composed as it is of a mixture of Irish, French, and Germans, British deserters, &c., is much to be envied.

Some of the words of command formerly in use were curious enough: "form lump," meaning to form square; and "split and squander," the order to skirmish.

A friend going to Buffalo sometime after this, found that the officers had established a mess in the barracks; they dined in the middle of the day, and afterwards adjourning to a billiard-room, a considerable noise and clatter was heard in the mess-room, and on looking in, my friend saw that the servants, including a black man, had attacked the remains of the dinner, as seemed to be their custom "of an

afternoon," though this is rather different from our English notions of "carrying on the war."

There was another peculiarity at Buffalo, which struck an Englishman not used to American manners and customs as singular, in walking into the street from his hotel, he saw a pair of boots with legs in them hanging out of a window, and on the soles were the figures 73, the number of the room which the owner of the boots occupied.

We continued our journey down the Niagara River to Tonewanta, and in the forest I was courteously greeted by a deserter from my own regiment, Drummer Kelly, who had an amiable weakness for liquor, and who was constantly in trouble in consequence. He seemed very glad to see me, and I asked him to go back, "to turn over a new leaf," and that I would speak a word for him; but he declined my invitation, and said he did not think he could ever soldier again, and was now going to play the drum or bugle at a circus in Buffalo. I much fear "that he went to the bad" in double quick time, a circus not being a school of reform for bad habits.

At Schloscher we saw where the American steamer, the 'Caroline,' which conveyed supplies to the "Sympathizers" and Rebels on Navy Island, had been cut out and sent over the Falls by the gallant Drew and his men; and in the rapids we saw the hull of Captain Barclay's ship, the 'Detroit,' on the deck of which he had lain, mangled and bloody, when he fought the battle of the Lakes. This vessel had been considered a trophy by the Americans, but after the affair of the 'Caroline' it had been cut adrift at Buffalo, out of contempt, had been sent after the 'Caroline,' but had stuck fast in the rapids, where on its black side the word VETO was conspicuously painted, at this time a party-word among American politicians, relating to the power of the President to approve or to veto certain bills.

At Youngston we crossed over to British territory again, and concluded the Court-Martial business. A British patriot, after a travel in the States, not being pleased with what he had seen there, all that met his eye and ear being so different to his conception of the fitness of things, was so rejoiced to find himself again on British soil, that when he crossed the

Niagara River, he stooped down and kissed the sod; then seeing near him a sturdy Highland sentry, he went up to him and offered his hand, as if to an old friend, but which the soldier was not at all sure about the propriety of shaking.

From Niagara we passed on to Toronto by steam, "assisted" there at a steeple-chase, and then reached Kingston, where we found the regiment.

Subsequently I had an opportunity of journeying along the shores of Lake Erie (towards the west, of surpassing fertility, and carrying heavy crops of wheat and tobacco), as far as the beautiful Detroit River, Amherstburgh and Fort Malden (garrisoned by companies of the Royal Canadian Rifles), and the scenes of a very interesting historical novel, "The Canadian Brothers," by Major Richardson. Thence through the orchards of the French Canadian settlers to Sandwich and Windsor opposite the American city of Detroit, where I saw a new fort intended to mount sixty guns; then Lake St. Clair was navigated, and Sarina visited, a cheerful village on the St. Clair River where it

issues clear, deep and rapid from the great Lake Huron, and where also is an American post, Fort Gratiot.

I had also the advantage of travelling from Toronto, along the fine back country, through which runs Young "street," of navigating the charming Lake Simco, and of being terribly jolted and shaken on the woodland journey, to inspect the distant Naval and Ordnance station on Lake Huron, at Penetanguishine. This remote village on a sheltered bay with the dark forests all round, seems the perfection of seclusion from the world and all its interests; a sort of dreamy existence may be spent here, bnt I cannot envy the man who could contentedly bury himself for any length of time at such a port:—

"Yet 'tis the place for youthful sprigs,
Whose epaulettes grow dim
With city wear, whose rose-oiled wigs
Want combing into trim;
Whose elbows are a little out—
Such things have sometimes been—
They will be bettered by a bout
Of Penetanguishine.

"There you can shake a wild cat's fist
When in your path he halts,
With beavers take a hand at whist,
Or gallopade or waltz,
With shaggy bears, who when you roam
Afar in forest green,
Remind you that your nearest home
Is Penetanguishine."

CHAPTER XVI.

Major General Sir Richard Armstrong—Facilities for desertion at Kingston—The Treaty of Washington—A corporal and private desert—Are pursued, captured, and escape again—Author follows them to Watertown, U. S.—Return to French Creek—Bill Johnstone, the smuggler—The fugitives are arrested—Civility of a countryman—Sympathizers at Watertown—Visit to the Black River Institution, &c.—A Lynching story—Examination of the deserters—Strange examination of the Author—The use of masonry—A repeal meeting—A wedding—A Lecture on Female Moral Reform — Anecdotes — Prisoners brought to trial—The upshot—The ballot—Author returns to Kingston.

At Kingston, till our house was ready for us, we were very kindly received and hospitably entertained by a distinguished soldier, Major General Sir Richard Armstrong, C.B., K.C.T.S.,

&c, who commanded the troops in Canada West. His A.D.C., at this time Captain J. Mayne, Royal Regiment, was my relative.

Sir Richard Armstrong's services comprised the campaigns in the Peninsula from 1808 to 1814, the battles of Busaco, Vittoria, and the Pyrenees, the capture of Oporto, the actions of Pombal and Redinha, and the Battle of Toulouse: he also served many years in India, and was in command of the Royals in the Burmese War.

Kingston, seated on the shores of Lake Ontario, and with the United States' Territory in sight opposite, is, as I said in a previous chapter, too conveniently situated for desertion: this crime has always been prevalent there. In summer a deserter stealing a skiff, makes for French Creek, twenty-four miles distant, or for Cape Vincent, also in Jefferson County, State of New York. In winter, the "ice bridge" usually forming in January, connects the opposite shores, facilitates the transport of U. S. beef and potatoes to the Kingston Market, and also the escape of *les mauvais sujets.*

British deserters cannot be touched at

present in the U. S. territory, unless they have also committed crimes embraced in the Tenth Article of the Treaty of Washington of 1842, which is as follows :

ARTICLE X.

" It is agreed that the United States and Her British Majesty, shall upon mutual requisitions by them, or their ministers, officers, or authorities, respectively made, deliver up to justice all persons, who, being charged with the crime of murder, or assault with intent to commit murder, or piracy or arson, or robbery or forgery, or the utterance of forged papers committed within the jurisdiction of either, shall seek an asylum, or shall be found, within the territories of the other; provided, that this shall only be done upon such evidence of criminality as, according to the laws of the place where the fugitive or person so charged, shall be found, would justify his apprehension and commitment for trial, if the crime or offence had there been committed; and the respective judges and other magistrates of the two Governments shall have power, jurisdiction, and authority, upon complaint made under

oath, to issue a warrant for the apprehension of the fugitive or person so charged, that he may be brought before such judges or other magistrates, respectively, to the end that the evidence of criminality may be heard and considered; and if on such hearing, the evidence be deemed sufficient to sustain the charge, it shall be the duty of the examining judge or magistrate, to certify the same to the proper executive authority, that a warrant may issue for the surrender of such fugitive. The expense of such apprehension and delivery shall be borne and defrayed by the party who makes the requisition and receives the fugitive."

It was in the month of October that a corporal and private of the light company which I then commanded, having connected themselves with two loose women, basely determined to abandon their colours, and having taken this resolution, they were resolved not to go away altogether empty-handed. The corporal, who was the chief instigator of the desertion, first borrowed a watch from a comrade, pretending that he had money to receive from an uncle in the States, and in order to appear respectable in the eyes of the

agent at Kingston, who was to pay him over the remittance, he ought to have a watch in his fob! Next, the deserters got, through the usual channel of the captain of their company, a pass to attend the theatre in the evening, and the corporal at the same time borrowed his captain's fowling piece, which he had sometimes before lent to good men for the purpose of shooting wild fowl near the barracks, and thereby affording them amusement, whilst it gave variety to their mess. The corporal also borrowed dollars from several parties on various pretences, and a boat from a brewer to cross to an opposite point of land where wild fowl could be more readily got, and where also was stationed a company of the regiment to which he belonged.

In the course of the afternoon the corporal and private were seen together with the boat and gun, and in the evening they returned to their barrack-rooms; and left the barracks as if for the theatre. The pass for the theatre was a mere pretence to gain time. They went to the house where their paramours lived, and enticing the owner of it to go out in the direction of the theatre, they returned, broke

open a box, took from it eight and a half dollars, and also a bonnet, petticoat, &c., belonging to another young woman living there, and stealing off in the boat which they had borrowed for an afternoon's shooting, they steered about eight o'clock P.M. for French Creek. Their absence being discovered when they did not return from the play, the signal guns for deserters were fired to apprise the look-out parties, but without effect: they reached their destination in safety.

French Creek is an inlet running deep into the land, and on the south side of the St. Lawrence; opposite to the Creek are some of "the Thousand Isles" of every size and shape, and crowned and fringed with beautiful foliage. The St. Lawrence runs clear and deep past the village of French Creek, situated on the east side of the mouth of the indentation, and consisting of two or three streets of houses, with three churches, and a population of a few hundred inhabitants; there are some good people at the Creek, though its reputation in Canada is none of the best, being considered a harbour for smugglers, sympathizers and deserters, and altogether a dangerous place to

visit, particularly in pursuit of fugitives from justice.

As it was very necessary to check desertion, which had thus begun before the most favourable time for it, viz. when the ice set on the lake, and as the fugitives had committed both a larceny and a burglary to the extent of eighty dollars, it was thought desirable to try if they could not be recovered under the provisions of Article X. Accordingly, as the Captain of the company to which the fugitives belonged, and as I would not, if I could have helped it, have lost even a bad man from my company, I thought it my duty to volunteer to pursue them into the States, and to do my utmost to recover them: the Commanding Officer gave his sanction to this arrangement. Directed by me, a Sergeant of the company and two of the Kingston police, bearing warrants from a Justice of the Peace, following in a steam-boat, speedily apprehended the fugitives at the house of another deserter, a tailor in French Creek, and secured them whilst in bed with the women, and the watch and gun were recovered, but not the money, or clothes, or the boat.

In order that everything might be done in

strict accordance with the laws and customs of the United States, a Justice of the Peace at the Creek, being asked to do so, took charge of the prisoners till a communication could be made with the district attorney at Watertown, twenty-four miles distant, regarding their surrender. The Creek Justice, in the meantime, as there was no jail in the place, confided them to the care of his constable, a drunkard, who, going to his dinner, left them in his house! they naturally walked from his house into the bush, and so made off, "leaving not a rag behind."

After this carelessness, or wilful connivance, at the escape of the fugitives, going to the Justice, I rather sharply questioned him on the matter; he sent for his constable, who, on being asked how he let his charge out of his sight, "guessed that he was hungry, and must eat," and when he came back they were gone.

As I now saw that no satisfaction could be got at the Creek, I determined to proceed to Watertown with the Chief Constable of Police and my Sergeant (Loasby). We had nearly got aground in a snow storm in coming across the Lake, and the snow still continued to fall, and the roads were in that pleasant state, half frozen

and full of mud-holes, impossible to avoid on account of their covering of snow. To escape observation we wore fur caps, rough blue frocks and trowsers, and for defence I provided double barrelled percussion pistols, which we carried in our breast pockets, out of sight. I carried also a short and trusty blade, the only companion on many perilous expeditions, and this one also promised to offer some excitement. Previously to the departure of my party, this letter was received by the Creek Justice from the district attorney at Watertown—

"Dear Sir,

"The treaty between the United States and Great Britain does not provide for the surrender of fugitives from justice guilty of grand larceny. The prisoners could not be surrendered therefore by the Executive, and there is no legal mode of giving up the custody of such vagabonds. You and the person from Canada who comes with the warrant, would both be liable for false imprisonment if you caused them to be taken. I should be glad if it was in the power of our authorities to assist the Canadian officers in arresting these wretches who escape from

that side, as I am informed they are very kind in assisting our officers to arrest runaways there. If these men have the property with them here, it seems to me that the best course would be to arrest and punish them here."

Signed by the district attorney.

The journey to Watertown in a two-horse waggon was an excessively tedious one; the country was white with snow, among which appeared at intervals the log and frame houses of the farmers, portions of the ancient forest and snake fences everywhere. The road was so cut up that all that could be mustered generally in the way of speed was three or four miles an hour, and the snow fell nearly the whole time. In talking about deserters never enjoying happiness, even if they made good their escape, and acquire property, the driver turned round, and pithily remarked, "Because they aint to hum;" that is, they have separated themselves for ever from home and friends.

At Depeauville and Brownville, through which the party passed, there were long and earnest arguments among the people assembled at the bar, as to the comparative merits of some

new candidates for the offices of Senator, Sheriff, &c., and dollar bills were freely betted. One man, in the heat of argument, most irreverently said, "We'll carry our election in spite of God Almighty."

Watertown, containing many handsome buildings, and also cloth and cotton factories, tanneries, leather factories, &c. &c., and then inhabited by twelve thousand inhabitants, is situated on the banks of a stream with a swift and full current and excellent "water privileges," called the Black River, from its rocky bed and banks and dark-coloured water. It rushes impetuously towards Sackett's Harbour, distant twelve miles. The factories attract many deserters, who there find employment. They do not get much money wages, but are found and get an order for necessaries on particular stores, also they get nightly an allowance of whisky, and some we saw there were miserably drunk every night. There were about fifty deserters in and about Watertown; some of these men had, doubtless, been tempted to desert, and were furnished with clothes to do so, in order that their labour might be available in a country where manual labour is so dear

and so difficult to be procured. But deserters soon find to their cost that their labour is little esteemed, many respectable people refuse to employ them on any terms, and those who do, treat them with deserved scorn and contempt.

The district attorney referred me to a Commissioner of the Supreme Court, who again took me to a Justice of the Peace, who issued warrants to apprehend the four fugitives, the men and women, on a charge of felony. The chief constable and myself then made a search, in company with a local constable in Watertown, but we could not find those for whom we looked. It was resolved to return towards the Creek, leaving warrants by the way, and on the morrow searching from the Creek to Soper's Swamp, westwards, where many score labourers were employed clearing and reclaiming waste land.

A letter was obtained from the district attorney to the Justice at the Creek, which ran as follows :—

"Dear Sir,

"My opinion as to the course of proceedings in the case of the fugitives from justice

from Canada is, that you take the affidavit of the Captain of the commission of the offence in Canada, describing the offence technically and carefully, and have them arrested and examined upon that process, and if satisfied of guilt, committed for future award of the Authorities. When done, certify the proceedings to the President on the demand, and then you will know what course to pursue; when arrested, write me, and I will advise you further if you desire it.

"Yours truly,"

Signed by the district attorney.

We again retrograded towards the Creek. I left warrants with constables at Brownville and Depeauville. At Perch River, that admirable arrangement for the benefit of the neighbourhood, was seen in the inn where a halt was made for refreshment, viz.; the District School Library, consisting of well-bound and well-selected works in presses, and in charge of the landlord for circulation in the neighbourhood.

On arrival at the Creek nothing had been heard of the fugitives there; the drunken

constable pretended to have gone after a man and two women, who were said to have gone down the St. Lawrence, among "the Thousand Isles," but it was found out afterwards that he had not gone a foot, and his story was invented, probably, to put us on the wrong scent.

Bill Johnstone, celebrated in the war of 1812, 1813 and 1814, and in the rebellion of '37 and '38, for his feats of daring on the water, dwelt at the Creek with his son, who is a trader there. Bill was originally a Canadian farmer at Bath; but a considerable amount of his property having been confiscated, as he says, improperly, for alleged smuggling, he left Canada, went to the States, and vowed revenge against the British. He has been famous for possessing swift boats, and he occasioned much alarm by landing at various points unexpectedly during war time, and, among other feats, he once carried off for the States' Government a Canadian mail, but for this he got no reward, so he was not favourably disposed towards the States' Government either. During the last rebellion he worked chiefly on his own account, commanded a division of the expedition which

invaded Canada at Prescott, and which was there met and repulsed by the Honourable Colonel Dundas, Colonel Young, and Captain Sandom, R.N.; lastly, after the 'Caroline' steamer was sent over the Falls of Niagara, (by the gallant Captain Drewe, R.N., acting under the directions of Sir Allen MacNab, for assisting the rebels and sympathizers at Navy Island), Johnstone commanded the party which boarded and burnt, near French Creek, by way of retaliation, the British steamer 'Sir Robert Peel.' With all his peculiarities, it is generally allowed that Bill is very charitable and a good father.

I now thought that Bill Johnstone might be of use in apprehending the deserters; and though I was advised by a local authority, that he was a dangerous man to have anything to do with, I first made friends with a fine young fellow, a younger son of Johnstone, "the chief of the Thousand Isles." I went with him to see the old man's boats, and a splendid craft was Bill's favourite galley, twenty-two feet keel, pulling six or eight oars, and, when required, schooner-rigged, and afterwards, when the chief returned from Powder Island, (which, with others of

"the Thousand," called Ball, Shot, &c., belong to him), I was presented to him in due form, but before this his son said, "I have heard the *recommend* which you got of the old man: I won't forget that soon." The young man was naturally much excited, and an attempt to soothe him was made by saying that his father was considered in Canada as a very bold and determined man.

The veritable Bill Johnstone (not the fictitious one who was lately lynched in the west) now stood before me at the corner of his son's house, which, by the way, contained Bill's very handsome daughter, the Queen of the Thousand Isles, who used intrepidly to row with supplies for her parent, whilst he was "dodging" the man-of-war's boats. Bill, in 1843, was about sixty years of age, but was hale, and straight, and ruddy; his nose was sharp, as were his features generally, and his eyes were keen and piercing; his lips compressed and receding; his height about five feet ten inches; he wore a broad-brimmed black hat, black stock and vest, frock and trowsers of dark duffle. His discourse with me was principally about boats;

he offered to sell his galley for sixty dollars, "not a cent less." As the winter was beginning, he could have no use for boats for several months, and then, when required, his favourite builder, Botell, six miles below Cape Vincent, could supply him with another. He now offered to row or sail against any boat on either side of the St. Lawrence, adding that his galley would not leak a gill, and was altogether "first-rate."

At the commencement of the late troubles, Bill Johnstone's services could have been made available by the British authorities for the sum of £1500, the amount of his claim against our government for his losses by confiscation of his property. After the rebellion was over, a person travelling with him said, "Well, what has been gained by this rebellion?" he replied, "Do you call the expenditure of four millions of British cash nothing? that is what our side has gained."

I now proposed to hire a boat from Johnstone to go in pursuit of the fugitives, said to be among the islands, when I received this gratifying note from Watertown :—

"Sir,

"I have caused the people of whom you are in search to be arrested here, and they are now in gaol, awaiting their examination, which is to be held on Monday next at one o'clock.

"I am, &c.

"(Signed) A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE."

The landlord's waggon was immediately re-commissioned, and I set off again for Water-town, travelling over the same twenty-four miles of rugged road for the third time. As we left the inn, a voice was overheard to say, "I wish the earth may open and swallow them up, and that they may sink to the lowest pit of hell, as well as their infernal government which tyrannises over the people." This pious ejaculation was uttered by the same deserter who had harboured the fellows in durance at Water-town, when they arrived at the Creek, and he was now disgusted at their capture. Another deserter from a Fusilier regiment was moving about in a loose Taglioni coat, a sort of bandit cap, and his face covered with moustache and beard.

I had previously asked one of these men

what was the general cause of desertion; the answer was, "A man gets into trouble (say through drink), the word of a non-commissioned officer is taken sooner than a private's, (as it ought to be if the private is a bad character), the man is hunted from post to pillar, he gets the horrors and then deserts." One commanding officer was mentioned as having subjected his non-commissioned officers and men to the ordeal of a parade at tattoo, whilst in the West Indies, to see if all was right, and thus causing the greatest annoyance among the subordinate ranks.

We again reached Watertown; I took the chief constable with me to communicate with the magistrate, and then we went to see the prisoners. They were washing their faces and combing their hair, in a gallery of the gaol, and looked rather surprised and confused on seeing their officer again confronting them in "the land of liberty." On asking the corporal why he had played such an ugly trick, he said he had not intended to desert before the afternoon of the day he went off, and the other expressed his surprise at his arrest, as he said he had only done one thing (deserted), but I asked

him if stealing a boat was not another crime; to this he made no reply. The corporal was dressed in a short green coat with brass buttons, which had been part of the wardrobe of the regimental theatre. Both wore their regimental dark trowsers, with the red stripe taken out, and the private had a fustian jacket and a comforter.

At another time, the corporal stated to the sergeant, who accompanied me, and whose conduct throughout was excellent, that he deserted because he did not like the thoughts of serving twenty-five years for sixpence a day, and the private said, "I don't like the humbug of the four chalks," that is being subject to be tried by Court Martial, if marked in the defaulter's book drunk four times within a year, but which is a most judicious check on the chief failing of British soldiers, drunkenness. With regard to the corporal's excuse, it amounted to nothing, he having, previous to desertion, become exceedingly careless as a non-commissioned officer, from the bad company he kept, and, though much indulgence had been shown him, he repaid it with ingratitude.

The two women were not in gaol, for the States are by some called a paradise for women. Even those charged with grave offences are not often incarcerated, but are merely left outside, under the surveillance of a constable. So it was with these women now charged, along with the soldiers, with felony. They lived in a constable's house in town, and once a-day visited their paramours in the gaol.

I here record with feelings of lively gratitude, the great civility and kindness I experienced from a countryman, almost the only one I saw in a respectable sphere of life at Watertown. Mr. Henry Court, a London citizen, set at nought the risk which he ran of personal insult and even injury for espousing the cause of those who were desirous to see justice, not cruelty, done on felons, and whose escape from all punishment would probably open a door to an influx of crime across the Border. Mr. Court, acting under the influence of the noble maxim of "doing what is right, and never minding the clamour," nobly stood by me, gave useful council, and also freely offered the use of his purse.

There was a strong party at Watertown

speedily enlisted on the side of the prisoners. These sympathizers did not consist of the most respectable part of the community, but their numbers gave them such consequence, that they overawed those local officers whose elections depend on the popular voice. It was thus perfectly evident that Justices of the Peace, at any rate, should be named by the President or Governor of the State, and not by the parties of whose conduct they may have to take cognizance. It is also hardly necessary to state, that placed as I was, in a difficult position (among strangers and seeking only to recover felons, whom any community would, it might be supposed, be naturally desirous to get rid of), I did not experience any hospitality from any of the gentry of Watertown. They were probably afraid of their own sympathizers; only Lieutenant W. C. Brown, of the United States' army (staying at Watertown for the recovery of his health, after some arduous service in the field, in Florida), did, in a most frank and soldier-like manner, extend to me the hand of friendship, earnestly desired my success, and hospitably entertained me.

There is this to be said, however, that a mis-

taken notion prevailed among the community regarding the severity of our punishments. Thus I was asked if it was not true that the fugitives, if taken to Canada, would be punished as deserters, with imprisonment, flogging, and banishment for life! and that though possibly guilty of felony, yet the severe military courts, and not civil tribunals, would deal with them. I explained that the warrants carried by the chief constable, showed that the civil courts only would deal with them for the felony, and all that was desired, was to prove to our soldiers in Canada that they could be brought back from the States, if in addition to desertion they also were guilty of felony. As to the punishment that might be awarded to those men in Canada, it would be a much shorter term of imprisonment than would be awarded to them if sent to the States' prison for larceny and burglary. I believe I convinced few, though I spoke in all sincerity:—

> "He is a freeman whom the truth makes free,
> And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
> That hellish foes confed'rate for his harm
> Can wind around him, but he casts them off
> With as much ease, as Samson his green withes."

Among others of the public buildings which I took the opportunity of visiting during my detention at Watertown, was an excellent establishment called the Black River Institution, where persons of both sexes receive a liberal education on easy terms. They are generally young persons, though all ages may be found receiving instruction, from seven to forty years of age, and once a father and son were being taught at the same time! The former after failure as a merchant, having a wish to read for the church. The Rector was very civil, and showed me the halls of study; the apparatus for expounding the science of natural philosophy, the collection of minerals, the young ladies under instruction in reading and history, and who were attending to music, drawing, algebra, &c. In one room I remarked that the two sexes were receiving lessons together on light, refraction and reflection, by a Scotch Professor, Mr. Ramsay; and the Rector said to me, "You are probably surprised to see young men and young women, some of them sixteen years of age, receiving instruction together, as you know we are very

particular about these matters in the States. There was a great prejudice against it at first, here also, but it is now found to be attended with no bad results; on the contrary, the presence of the young ladies has a humanizing effect on the young men. You observe they enter by different doors, and sit apart, and their eyes *ought* to be directed to the black board only, and not to one another."

I complimented the worthy Rector on the general excellence of the system pursued at the Black River Institution, at the same time I was constrained to point out that the health of the pupils did not seem to be sufficiently attended to, particularly in the matter of ventilation. The advantage of pure cool and moist air was altogether overlooked; every hall of study was heated with that "hellish" invention, a close stove, and without a tin of water on it for evaporation. There was no ventilation, and the lungs inhaled for hours (as is usual in the Northern States in winter) a burnt air, which, and not the peculiarity of the climate, I am convinced, lays the foundation of most of the cases of consumption in the States.

After the Institution, several of the factories were visited; the cloth factory, where strong and good broad-cloth was being fabricated with excellent machinery. The leather factory and tannery, where raw hides were in steep below, and harness-making going on above; an iron foundry, where stoves were extensively made, also every sort of machinery, a pump factory, &c., &c., all dependant on the full and rapid current of the Black River, falling in a great sheet at one place over a high dam; at another, rushing and boiling over an inclined plane of shelving limestone rocks.

Near a rocky point, projecting over the river, is the mouth of a cave, penetrating deep into the ground, and running under the town. The end of this cave had never been reached. This is the cave alluded to in Captain Marryat's most interesting narrative of Monsieur Violet, where Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet, told a Dutchman he had discovered a bar of gold as big as his leg, and three or four feet long, and asked the Dutchman's assistance and *money* to move it.

Not far from it, a woman had jumped off

a rock and drowned herself from the following cause. Her husband was a collector of taxes for the district, and his two securities were bound to the government for 50,000 dollars. He pretended to have been robbed of a large sum, which he had collected, and for which his securities would have become liable, and they understood that he was preparing to decamp for Texas. They invited him to a conference outside of the town regarding his alleged loss, and in the course of conversation they drew him towards a pond in a field, when, suddenly seizing him, they hurled him under water, then drew him up by the neck, and demanded where the money was. He swore he did not know. "Tell us right away, or we'll drown and bury you on the spot, you d—d hell." He persevered in saying he knew nothing of it. Down he went again, and after the operation had been repeated three times, and he was nearly suffocated, he was at last terrified into telling the Lynchers that it was sewed up to his wife's petticoat. The confederates immediately ran off to his house, found the money where he had indicated, and

his wife, in the extremity of her vexation, ran out of the house, and threw herself into the boiling tide of the Black River.

It is now time to proceed to the justice's room, to attend the examination of the prisoners charged with felony. The apartment is a small one, a large and hot stove is in the midst; three benches are on one side, on which sit many of the old deserters, (now working in the various factories), and other sympathizers of the prisoners—all bearing a villanous look of scorn and hatred of the prosecutor, and taunts and threats were muttered, as thus, "We don't care a b—y curse for any officer out of Canada, and if these men are surrendered, we won't let them go without bloodshed." But my cause being a good one, it behoved me unflinchingly to do my duty.

The prisoners are introduced in charge of two rough-looking constables, and are seated to confront the prosecutor, the chief constable and the sergeant (the latter the principal witness against them). No less than three counsel have been provided for the prisoners by their sympathizing friends; and there being a notion that this would be the case, the prosecutor had

been advised to provide himself with a counsel also, which I did in the person of a very intelligent lawyer, Mr. Moore, jun. The justice now turned round from writing at his table, and calling the court to order, he commenced proceedings.

The warrant having been read, charging the prisoners with burglariously and feloniously entering a dwelling-house at Kingston, Canada, in the night time, and stealing therefrom and carrying away money and clothes, and they, the prisoners, being now fugitives from justice in Jefferson county, State of New York, &c. &c. The counsel for the claim and demand of surrender preferred the claim of the Canadian Government in the premises, and offered in evidence, and to prove the genuineness of two warrants, issued by one of her Majesty's magistrates of Canada West, authorising and commanding the arrest of the above-named prisoners for the alleged offence of burglary, larceny, &c., and a witness (the Sergeant) was introduced, and sworn to prove the identity of the prisoners, and that they were the persons charged in the said warrant, issued by her Majesty's magistrate, as aforesaid, as felons.

Whereupon, the counsel for the prisoners called the attention of the Justice to the terms and language of the 10th article of the treaty of the 9th of August, 1842, and took the ground that, conceding that all the foregoing matters were duly proved, together with the guilt of the said prisoners, that the offence of burglary or larceny (except larceny as included in the limited, technical, and legal term "*robbery*") did not come within the letter and terms of the said 10th article of said treaty, and therefore that they are not offences, for which the treaty-making governments are bound to surrender and deliver up each others' fugitives from justice. That the only part of the said article which could with any plausibility be claimed as imposing such obligation of surrender, for larceny or burglary, is, that embraced in the term "robbery," used in the said article, and that the term "robbery," as there used, should be read and construed in its *strict, limited, technical,* and *legal* meaning. That the term "robbery" should be construed as strictly, and by the same rules as the words "murder," "piracy," "arson," and "forgery," as used in the said article.

The counsel for the demand of the agents of the claimants, insisted that larceny, whether strictly and technically "robbery" or not, was an offence for which the respective governments were bound to surrender each other's fugitives. That the term "robbery," as used in the said article, should be read and construed in its most general and liberal sense, and in the ordinary acceptation of the word, so as to embrace larceny, whether committed by putting the person robbed in personal fear or not. That the term "robbery," in the connection with which it is used, should receive such a liberal and general construction as would remedy the great evils, and secure and advance all the benefits the treaty was made and designed to remedy, secure, and advance. That the most common and prevailing evil to be remedied was the perpetration of larcenies in one country, and fleeing with the plunder into another, and under the construction contended for by the counsel for the prisoners, this could be done with impunity for any amount of plunder, however large, provided *legal, technical* "robbery" was not committed. That under such a construction, if a man picked another's pocket of

a handkerchief, so as to constitute *technical robbery*, the thief could be claimed, and would be surrendered as a fugitive if he should flee to the United States; but if he should steal any amount, however large, (say 100,000 dollars by breaking into a bank) under such circumstances as not to make it *technical robbery*, and should flee to the States, he would escape with impunity. That such a construction could not have been the intention of the high contracting parties.

The Justice decided that larceny, under the circumstances charged in the said warrant against the prisoners, was not *technical "robbery,"* and therefore did not come within the terms and letter of the said 10th article, that nothing but strict technical "robbery," as defined and limited in the books on criminal law is embraced within the terms of the said article, and thereupon, after taking the advice of counsel not engaged in the matter, declined to certify the facts of the case to the Executive (the Governor of the State of New York) in pursuance of the said article of the said treaty, although he was urged by the counsel for the

claimants to do so, in order to obtain the opinion of the Executive, the prisoners being detained in the meantime. The Justice declined to take any further proceedings, under the claim and demand of the authorities of her Majesty's United Provinces of Canada to have the said prisoners delivered up as fugitives from justice.

On application of the prosecutor, the further examination of the prisoners was postponed for a few days to procure the attendance of witnesses from Canada; and in the meantime, seeing that the local magistrates would not make any reference to the state authorities, though the case was an unusual one, I determined to do so myself by means of the chief constable, bearing the warrants, to whom I furnished means to proceed secretly to Albany by the next stage, to explain the whole matter to the Governor of the State of New York, and to obtain, if practicable, from his Excellency, an order for the delivery and surrender of the fugitives from justice. An American gentleman most kindly gave letters to the Governor of the State and to the Attorney General at Albany, explanatory of the case, of which also the

prosecutor drew up a narrative. I was obliged to remain at Watertown to watch the prisoners, and to be present at their next examination.

The second examination of the prisoners, chiefly on the charge of stealing the fowling-piece, continued from about ten o'clock in the morning until half-past six in the evening, with the recess of an hour for dinner, the prisoners having claimed the right by their counsel to be examined separately on the charge, and which was granted them. The witnesses were the Sergeant (Loasby) and myself, and nothing could exceed the minuteness of our examination and cross-examination by the prisoner's counsel. I was asked, for instance, every particular regarding granting indulgences to British soldiers, the nature of passes granted them, the number of storys in the ordnance quarter occupied by me at Kingston, how access was got to the different rooms, how I secured the house on going to bed, &c. &c. A great many of the interrogations seem to have been put merely from a wish to find out the domestic economy and "manners and customs" of a British officer.

At the close of the examination, the Justice decided that sufficient evidence of the prisoners'

guilt had been made out to put them on their trial, and thereupon the prisoners (being entitled so to do) took three days more to decide whether they would be tried by a Court of Special Sessions (a court composed of three Justices of the Peace), and with or without a jury at the election of the prisoners, or the General Sessions, which would be held in six weeks.

Whilst I was thus detained at Watertown, I acquired what information could be casually picked up on the spot. A pretended sympathizer in the wrongs(!) of Canada said to me one day, "There is no hope of a war this year, I'm afraid."

"No hope! you mean no fear of a war."

"No," said the sympathizer, "no hope. Not that I would go on and fight, I am too old for that now, but I would push on the young fellows, and follow after to pick up the plunder." Another said to a Watertown acquaintance of mine "with two hundred men I could take Quebec in a month!"

"How?" was asked.

"Well! I would put a picket fence round it and starve the garrison out."

"And what would the garrison be doing all the time?"

"Oh! we would shoot them down one by one." Shortly after he said, "our division will be organized soon, and I'll make a captain of you if you will join us."

"What good would that do to me?"

"Why this, plunder, every British officer has a gold watch in his pocket!"

I think I was a good deal indebted to masonry for my safety at Watertown, where I was in the midst of many miscreants. One day a tall and stout master boot-maker, an Irishman, came to me, and finding that I was a mason, he said, "There is a party here which intends to thrash you and your Sergeant, but as you are a mason never fear. I have got a party as strong as the other, and we won't see you come to harm." Of course I was very much obliged to him for his kind intentions.

About this time there was a Repeal meeting in Watertown, got up by certain parties who hoped to secure the co-operation of the Irish, to carry some election in which they were interested, but the meeting was a failure. The

principal speaker was a local authority "learned in the law." His oration breathed animosity to England, and was addressed to the passions, and not to the reason of his audience. He went back to the times of the Romans and their invasion of Britain: from them the Irish had derived the germs of civilization, and Ireland flourished till the hated Saxons came: then a brutal soldiery were let loose upon the country, and he read harrowing details, though they were several centuries old, of the horrors inflicted by the Anglo-Saxon soldiery on Ireland—how three children, compelled by hunger, were seen at one place roasting and eating the entrails of their own mother; how the poor were seen to take down and feed on the bodies of criminals who had been hanged; how they repaired to the beach in storms, and, driven by hunger, enticed ships to their destruction, and fed on the bodies of the drowned mariners! "These were some of the evils inflicted on Ireland by England," said the orator, "in former times, and now she makes Ireland pay for the English Church. America owes to Ireland, among other great men, Jackson, the hero of New Orleans: I now pray

that Ireland may soon be delivered from the baneful influence of British bayonets!"

It was really quite unseemly to hear a man of well-known talent, discourse in the wild manner in which this orator did; but it availed little, for the amount raised at Watertown to further the cause of Repeal, was a mite indeed: most of those who were applied to for subscriptions, cautiously said, "We see no account of the sums formerly collected; we know nothing of the receipts, or of the disbursements, and we won't part with our money on an uncertainty."

Whilst I tarried at the American hotel, a wedding took place in the house. A respectable farmer came in from some distance and married the cook. The bridegroom was about fifty, and the bride was thirty years of age. The landlord and many of his boarders assisted at the ceremony, which was performed in the evening, and those of the boarders who had not been present, were invited in afterwards by the bridegroom to partake of wine and cake. After all were charged he gave this sentiment, "Friendship to all, love to a few, and hatred to none." So systematically were

matters managed, that next morning the bridegroom was sitting at the stove in the bar at seven o'clock, and at half-past seven breakfasted as usual at the public table, at which, of course, his wife, the cook, did not appear, and in the afternoon the happy pair left for their home. The farmer took the numerous jokes which were bandied about on the occasion, very good humouredly, and when I asked the landlord what the wife was like, he answered, "she is as pretty as a picture, and straight as a candle."

Two brother farmers, and of a respectable exterior, were pointed out to me one day in a waggon, as possessing one wife between them, after the manner of the nairs of India. But generally speaking, the decencies of society are well preserved in and about Watertown, and one owner of an extensive factory, said, that among all the women employed by him during thirty years, there had been only one instance occurred of an illegitimate child.

At the Presbyterian Church on Sunday, an energetic preacher delivered a discourse full of sound reasoning to point out the grievous nature of sin, and how it has filled graves since

the beginning of time. At the Episcopal Church, before a well-dresssd audience, the clergyman's sermon was on evangelical succession, tracing a line of Bishops up to the Apostles, totally distinct from the Church of Rome. In the evening there was an excellent lecture (in which everything of the least objectionable nature was omitted), on Female Moral Reform.

The motto, as the speaker called it, for his lecture was selected from Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, "I speak as to wise men, judge ye." "When Sabbath Schools were first established," said he, "the idea was supposed by a great many to be perfectly visionary, and so, also, it was with Foreign Missions and Temperance, but mark how all have prospered. When McDowell proposed his moral reform for those who trangressed the seventh commandment, he was reviled, but the end of his endeavours may be as satisfactory as those of the institutions just alluded to."

The lecture was divided into three heads: 1st. What the Moral Reform Society proposed to do; 2nd. With what instruments to work, and 3rd. How to secure the desired effect.

"Though all the licentious cannot be reformed, yet the society should not cease in its efforts because it cannot reform all. The licentious will be opposed to the proceedings of the society, but that ought not to daunt its advocates. The Gospel is the first remedy proposed. Reform will be produced by exposing the degradation and misery attending the violation of the seventh commandment. Parents must check its violation. Men ought to suffer as well as women; licentious men ought not to rise to power; fine and imprisonment ought to be the portion of the seducer."

The chief aim of the lecture was to impress on mothers the necessity of attending strictly to the conversation and reading of their daughters, if they wished them to turn out respectably. Thus said he, "I knew two young ladies who lived with their mothers, in the Genessee Valley: they dwelt in comfort, and even elegance, but on the table of their sitting-room, instead of books of religion, morality, and useful knowledge, there were seen romances, novels, and the works of Byron. It happened that the young ladies had occasion to visit a relative in the western country, and descending the

Ohio in a steamer, a stranger of fashionable exterior, dressed in broad cloth, with a gold safety chain swinging from his neck, insinuated himself into their acquaintance, and the most romantic and best looking of the two sisters, soon returned his (pretended) affection for her. He gave out that he was a travelling partner of an extensive house in Philadephia. He landed where the ladies intended to remain, and without much difficulty he persuaded the romantic young lady, desirous of realizing an adventure of her own, to marry him; he tarried a week with her, got possession of all her money and valuables, then pretending urgent business elsewhere, he basely deserted her. Abandoned and ruined, she contemplated suicide and was only saved from the fatal step by the arrival of her distracted, but imprudent mother."

The lecturer next gave an instance of a mother of a different stamp. A rakish young man paid attentions to a handsome young lady in Boston; her mother suspected that his intentions were not honourable, though he also like the other, "was dressed in broad-cloth, with a gold safety-chain swinging from his

neck," and she told her daughter to test him in this way, "Remove all books from the sitting-room except the numbers of 'The Advocate for Moral Reform,' let him be alone in the room once or twice, so that he may notice the sort of reading there is in our sitting-room, and watch the result," and as the cautious mother supposed, the rake soon after discontinued his visits.

Return we now to the prisoners. As they had decided to be tried by a Court of Special Sessions, one was convened for the purpose, and a jury, at the instance of the counsel for the prisoners, was summoned, and attended to try the said prisoners. In the meantime, the chief constable arrived at Watertown, with a witness from Kingston, whither he had gone direct from Albany (by way of Oswego), and reported the absence from Albany of both the Governor and Attorney-General of the State, but said he had seen some of the State authorities, who gave him to understand that although, in their opinion, the Governor could not give up the said prisoners under the Ashburton and Webster Treaty, yet he would, on a requisition from the Governor-General in Canada, to him,

as a matter of national courtesy or comity, surrender the said prisoners as fugitives from justice.

With a view still further to gain time, and to enable the prosecutor to visit Kingston, to procure from a high authority the said requisition, and the pass to Albany (New York), and obtain the requisite order from the Governor of New York, the prosecutor, by his counsel, moved the Court of Special Sessions for an adjournment of the trial of the prisoners, as he was not then prepared to proceed with it; but the Court, although it conceded the application was reasonable, decided that under the statute law constituting such Courts of Special Sessions, they (the said Justices) had no power to adjourn the trial, and decided that it must be proceeded with forthwith.

This, in the opinion of the complainant's counsel, was quite a mistake on the part of the Court. Finding then that nothing was left but a trial, and that immediately, and being well convinced from what had previously transpired, that the jury partook of the sympathy that a number of deserters, and the foreigners generally in the place had succeeded

in getting up, and that it might be better not to try the prisoners, for the additional reason that if the said prisoners were tried and convicted, or acquitted, under the State Laws, that the Governor would refuse to surrender the prisoners for an offence for which they had already been tried; and as the complainant was still anxious to obtain from Governor Bouck an order for their surrender, it was considered under all the circumstances the most prudent and safe policy not to proceed to their trials, and they were accordingly discharged from their arrest and detention.

The prisoners, on leaving the Court, which they did accompanied with much indecent applause on the part of the audience, and insulting expressions towards the complainant, hurried off, and ran down the main street, fearful of another warrant being taken out against them.* It now only remained for the complainant to make a rapid march back to Kingston, which I did next day, in company with the chief constable, sergeant, and the

* The private, tired of the life he led in the States, rejoined the regiment some time afterwards, but the corporal disappeared.

owner of the watch, who had been sent over in case his evidence should be required.

Before I left Watertown, after breakfast, I had an opportunity of seeing the manner of voting by ballot in the States. It was the election for senator, sheriff, &c., altogether quite a field day. The evening before I had attended a meeting of the Whigs—synonymous with Conservatives—in the States, to arrange their proceedings for the morrow, and there were some amusing speeches delivered, in which the "loco-fŏcos," or Radicals, were sharply handled.

In one of the lower rooms of the American hotel, a table was placed opposite a door-way, the door itself was taken off its hinges, across the door-way was nailed a board, the voters came along the passage, "brought up" at the board, handed over it their folded ticket (containing the name of the candidate they voted for) to a man who stood up beside the door inside, he slipped the ticket through a slit in a box, like a large tea-caddy, with a handle at top, and which stood on the table.

At the table sat two clerks who registered in books, the names of those who came forward to

vote, whilst a fourth functionary sat at the table, with a 'tooth-picking air' and apparently observing all those who came forward to vote, and was ready to detect and check any irregularity. There was no noise or altercation while the business of balloting was going on, well dressed and indifferently attired voters came forward, all conducted themselves with decorum. Many of the tickets were printed on coloured paper, and stamped with the eagle or other devices outside, so ts to show openly which side in politics the voters took, thereby rendering the ballot a mockery. After all had voted the scrutineers opened the box and examined and counted the tickets and declared the result.

It was snowing when myself and party of three left Watertown, and the road to Cape Vincent was exceedingly bad, being rough and half-frozen — the open stage waggon usually took the whole day to accomplish the twenty-four miles, so it was thought best to make the forced march partly on foot, and occasionally riding the two horses brought by the chief constable from the Capë on 'the ride and tie' principle. The private, a rale Irish boy, afforded some amusement by his remarks on the road.

"Is this the United States?" he inquired, as he dragged his left leg out of a mud hole.

"Yes, why do you ask?"

"Sorrow a fut I'll ever put into them agin then, they told me the roads were all upon rails."

"So they are, don't you see the rails of the snake fences."

"Oh! bad luck to the fences and them as made them," quoth he.

The village of Cape Vincent was reached with some difficulty; here the voting was not so orderly, and there was an attempt to get up a fight. After some warm refreshment a boat conveyed 'the expedition' to Long Island, one and a half miles. It was now night, but the snow enabled the travellers to see to trudge along the track which led for seven miles through clearings and forest land. At midnight a ferry-house was 'made,' a skiff was borrowed, and a stout pull of five miles landed the party at the Kingston Barracks.

The above case and proceedings at Watertown, which had entailed expense, trouble and anxiety, having been submitted to a high authority, application was made for the sur-

render of the fugitives, to His Excellency the Governor of the State of New York. There ought never to have been any difficulty in the matter from the first, if the Watertown authorities had referred the case to the Governor of the State, and left it for his decision. There would then have been no cause of complaint, but this course was not popular, therefore it was not adopted; or if they had acted at once on the reciprocity system, without reference, it would have been just and fair, for immediately before this, several individuals having broken the laws in the States, horse and cattle stealers fled to Kingston, but on the pursuers communicating with the magistrates, the police immediately assisted in the apprehension of the fugitives, and helped to put them into the steamer which conveyed them back for trial. However, the sympathizers at Watertown, screened and helped the British felon deserters, (and the authorities gave in to the popular clamour), and thereby encouraged a tide of crime to set across the frontier, but of this line of conduct they will have cause some day to repent, as an influx of felons will surely not contribute to the comfort and happiness of any community.

The publication of the foregoing narrative is induced by the expectation which is entertained by many military men, that arrangements will be made for effectually preventing desertion both from the British and the United States colours.

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON
Printed by Schulze and Co., 13, Poland Street.

00032845

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 10 February, 2016